HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE SPOIL-ED.

NEW YORK *(meaning business)*. "I know what you DO want!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 83 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued May 31, opens with an interesting story by* MRS. M. E. W. SHERWOOD, *entitled "Two Kinds of Courage," illustrated by* JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD. *It also contains Chapter Four of "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" and the concluding Chapter of "Susie Kingman's Decision." An article on the Historical Trees of the United States, and directions for making a Leaf Album; "An African Slipper-Maker," by* DAVID KER, *illustrated by* F. A. BRIDGMAN; *"Only a Bird," a story by the author of "Toby Tyler"; "A Fable for Smart Little Boys," illustrated by* F. S. CHURCH, *and numerous other attractions.*

THE NEW YORK SENATORSHIP.

WHATEVER the result of the New York Senatorial election may be, there is no question of the judgment of the country both upon the resignation itself and upon the alleged reasons for it. The Senators from a State are responsible for their own votes, but they are not responsible for the exercise of the official discretion of the President. If the President asks the advice of a Senator privately, he will probably give it. If he volunteers his advice, as Mr. CONKLING did, the President will probably listen, and decide for himself. But to resign because he concludes not to follow the advice is a childish folly, upon which the general amused contempt for Mr. CONKLING'S performance is the best commentary. But as the Senators from a State are not responsible for the acts of the President, so they have no responsibility for the votes of other Senators. It is not disputed that if Mr. CONKLING had been sure of the rejection of Mr. ROBERTSON'S nomination, he would not have resigned. His resignation, therefore, was not only foolish as regards the President, but equally so toward the Senate. Moreover, a Senator who resigns because the President will not defer to his advice in making a nomination, and because the Senate will not support his unconstitutional demand, shows an angry contempt of the Constitution, and a Senator who so resigns, and throws his party into a minority, shows equal contempt of honorable party obligation. Mr. CONKLING has desperately and anxiously sought a re-election. But why? Nothing whatever in the situation is changed. Neither the President nor the Senate, whom the resignation was intended to affect, has altered in the least. If he was justified in resigning, he was not justified in seeking a re-election, because he would return to the same President and to the same Senate whose conduct he holds to have justified his resignation. If the President should make and the Senate should confirm any other nomination which he does not like, he would be logically bound to resign again. The ex-Senator professed to appeal to the people. But he did not appeal to the people. He appealed from a caucus that he could not coerce to a caucus that he was sure he could coerce. No public man ever put himself more inexcusably in a more absurd position.

The attendant circumstances have been equally ludicrous. When the resignation was announced, it was stated by the CONKLING party that their leader had been long weary of his public duties, and sighing for private life, and it was duly proclaimed that his books and other effects had been sent home. This sounded exceedingly like one of Brer Rabbit's remarks in Uncle Remus. But there was a universal disposition upon the part of the sensible public to gratify the wish for retirement. But Brer Rabbit became evident enough when it appeared that, notwithstanding the weariness of public life, the ex-Senator was "in the hands of his friends." In a word, it was plain that in resigning he supposed that he was betting upon a certainty, and that it was a mere flourish, by which he was to lose nothing, and to demonstrate his greatness once more. The Assembly to which he made his appeal was selected by his friends last autumn, so far as they could control nominations, to secure the election of a colleague who would merely echo and follow Mr. CONKLING, and they certainly succeeded. The resignation, therefore, was to be a mere trick of posturing. The letter declared in effect that the President is false. It was a manifesto of war upon the Republican Administration. Whether the Legislature wishes to approve and adopt the war, and declare against the Administration, the result will determine. But there can be no evasion of the issue. The letter of resignation asserts two things—the right of Senators to dictate nominations, and the bad faith of the President. To re-elect a Senator who resigns upon such a declaration is to confirm the declaration, and to announce that the Republican party in New York, so far as the Assembly represents it, is an anti-Administration party.

The re-election of Mr. CONKLING would be the continuation of the bitter strife which has so long rent the party in this State. He quarrels with everybody whom he can not control, and then poses as the most forbearing and long-suffering of men. Because President HAYES declined to obey him, Mr. CONKLING ostentatiously opposed and ridiculed and vilified the Administration, and complained that it made war upon him. President GARFIELD takes his own course, and Mr. CONKLING shouts loudly that the President is trying to coerce him. The Republican party will be necessarily divided so long as such a man aspires to be its autocrat, because liberty and equal rights are the principles of that party, and it has great impatience of yokes and collars. As we write, the issue of the Senatorial election is uncertain. It would certainly be very strange that a Legislature which, with but one Republican protest, elected Mr. PLATT in January, should decline to elect him and Mr. CONKLING now. The hold of a despotism like that of "the machine" in New York is not to be easily relaxed, nor broken until after many vigorous efforts. The opposition hitherto has always yielded in advance, and until it has the pluck to be counted in a minority, it will not have the power to command a majority. Its sturdy refusal to go into caucus is most auspicious. Yet whatever the event, whether Mr. CONKLING be elected or defeated, the fact that in a Legislature which, upon joint ballot, he confidently counted as his own, he has been forced to make a desperate and doubtful struggle to secure a re-election, not by popular support, but by the bare majority of a caucus, shows that the deep and strong protest of a vast body of Republicans in the State against the degrading political system which he represents becomes every day more powerful.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON AND THE SENATE.

THE case of BENJAMIN FISHBOURN, whose nomination by President WASHINGTON to be Naval Officer at Savannah was the first which was rejected by the Senate, has been cited as showing both the deference of WASHINGTON to the Senate and the origin of the evil practice called "the courtesy of the Senate." Upon that occasion WASHINGTON politely but pointedly reproved the Senate by telling it in substance that it ought to assume that he did not make nominations unadvisedly, and that before rejecting a nomination it would do well to ascertain the reasons which induced him to make it. Mr. BENTON, in his *Abridgment of the Debates*, says that the letter shows President WASHINGTON'S deference to the Senate. It seems to us to show rather his high sense of the dignity and responsibility of his own office, for he repels the implication that he had made an improper nomination, and he goes, but with characteristic decorum, to the very verge of the Executive authority to deal with a co-ordinate branch of the government.

It is very much more pertinent at this time to observe the deference of the Senate toward the President when WASHINGTON was the Chief Executive, and that is shown by a letter written to President WASHINGTON in 1791 by GEORGE CABOT, then a Senator from Massachusetts. Mr. CABOT mentions the name of a gentleman who "wishes to have the honor of serving the United States in the character of Consul" at Malaga. He adds that should it be found expedient to institute such an office, the gentleman might be found qualified to fill it, and Mr. CABOT hopes that his qualifications may be considered with those of other candidates. The Senator concludes by saying, "If any apology is necessary for this freedom," he hopes that it may not be deemed insufficient that he knows personally the high character of the house to which Mr. KIRKPATRICK belongs.

The respectful tone and caution of the letter show not only the just deference due to the Chief Magistrate, but also Senator CABOT'S instinctive feeling that an apology is necessary for a Senator's suggestion of a nomination to the President. Nothing could well be more futile than an attempt to show that Senatorial dictation was tolerated by WASHINGTON. He had altogether too just a sense of the respective duties of the President and the Senate.

THE WOMEN OF NEW YORK AND THE BALLOT.

THE bantering tone of the remarks in the New York Assembly when the vote was taken upon the bill known as the Woman Suffrage Bill shows that the proposition is considered a mere joke even by many who support it. One member is reported to have said that as his wife weighed 186 pounds, and favored the bill, due regard for domestic peace compelled him to vote for it. Other comments were in the same strain, and although the bill received 59 votes against 55, there was not a constitutional majority, and it was lost. The Speaker gave as a reason for opposing the bill the opposition of women themselves. This is really no reason at all, but it is undoubtedly the main ground of indifference and opposition. The Speaker's experience is a general one. Probably very few readers of these lines know many women who actively and positively wish to vote. The proposal to vote at school elections, although limited and unequal, seemed to excite very little general interest in those most concerned, and the explanations of the apathy are not satisfactory.

Practically, therefore, the Speaker's position is perfectly intelligible. Great political changes, involving such an overthrow of received traditions as the voting of women and their eligibility to office, are not made because of their essential justice, or of the logic of the principle upon which they are demanded, but in deference to a great demand or a great necessity. Slavery was abolished in obedience to the latter. The Corn Laws were repealed in deference to the former. The vote and the tone of the debate in the New York Assembly show only that there is no sound logical or abstract reason to be urged against the voting of women. If there should be no taxation without representation, they are tax-payers, and therefore entitled to a voice. If the suffrage should go with intelligence, they are quite as intelligent as men. If government justly exists only by the consent of the governed, expressed not as in Ashantee by acquiescence, but as in America by the vote, the claim of women is incontestable; while adverse arguments drawn from "sphere" and "sex" are altogether airy.

Nevertheless, while the argument is all one way, the feeling expressed by the Speaker practically decides the question. It may be formulated by saying that the general opinion is that there is no good reason why women should not vote if they wish to, but that they do not wish to. The reply that this is no argument for not allowing those to vote who do wish to vote is met by the rejoinder that the permission would pass beyond those few, and impose upon the whole body of women a duty which they wish not to discharge. But this would be answered again by the question whether, in a free government, voting is not a duty which ought to be required of every citizen. The argument of the Speaker is adroit, because in the absence of an actual vote it can not be positively denied. As the plea of women's indifference is the most universal and plausible obstruction, why do not the friends of the cause who carried the late bill to a vote in the Assembly devise a method of polling the women of New York upon the question of their own enfranchisement? A million of men in the State voted last year for President. If a million of women should vote upon the question of enfranchisement, the result would be very instructive.

THE CHANCE FOR CLEAN STREETS.

THE street-cleaning bill which as we write has passed the Legislature, and which was recommended by the conference committee, has the defect of holding no single person responsible for the work. The Mayor is to nominate a Superintendent, and, as Mayor GRACE points out, this candidate is to be confirmed not by an elective but an appointed body. Individual responsibility is thus lost, especially as the consent of two members of the Board of Health is necessary to enable the Mayor to remove. There are other details which involve possible embarrassment and perplexity, and which generally appear in a bill which is drawn in distrust of popular government, and which is intended to serve a party and not a public purpose. The Mayor, however, promises loyally to seek a proper Superintendent if the bill should become law, and to endeavor, so far as lies in him, to secure clean streets for the city.

It is hoped that Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE may be induced to accept a nomination, and undertake the Augean task. He has shown such force and executive ability in the transfer of the obelisk from Egypt that he is believed to possess the qualities, which it is known in advance that no city politician possesses, which will enable him to deal efficiently with the plague of city filth. It would, indeed, be refreshing to see any important detail of the public business of the city managed as it should be, upon simple, honest, common-sense business principles, instead of being botched and bungled at enormous expense, and with no result, by hordes of professional politicians and their following. If Commander GORRINGE should take hold of this duty, and perform it as it is believed that he can and would perform it, he would be a most practical civil service reformer, because he would show the people how a public duty can be performed when the object is to do it, and not to do something else. Street-cleaning which proceeds upon the principle that "patronage means votes" will leave the streets and the votes equally dirty; and there is nothing more ludicrous in the bill of the conference committee than that it requires for the confirmation of the Superintendent of Street-cleaning the assent of the President of the Police Board, who is by common consent chiefly responsible for the present deplorable situation. This comes of cleaning streets upon the doctrine that patronage means votes.

But if Mayor GRACE intends to nominate Lieutenant-Commander GORRINGE to be Superintendent of Street-cleaning—an act which would command the approval of every respectable citizen of New York—can he explain why he nominated Mr. PURROY to the headship of the Fire Department? Commander GORRINGE is not the only efficient citizen in the city, and the Fire Department is quite important enough to merit a head who is known for something else than for having bitten off an opponent's nose in a political brawl. The friends of the street-cleaning bill which the Mayor approves, when they saw this

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nomination, were very much more inclined to be reconciled with the proposed emasculation of the bill. The Mayor was elected by a small majority after a hot contest. But if he should make the proposed nomination of Commander GORRINGE the precedent of his action in similar cases, and nominate to every post men of similar character and efficiency, who could not be made the tools of professional politicians nor patronage agents, he would be re-elected with no other opposition than that of political bummers and hucksters. He is in a position to trust his political fortunes to an honest and efficient administration, and to show bosses to the door. But he can not serve two masters. He must choose between the GORRINGE and PURROY kind of nomination, if he wishes to be unanimously sustained by intelligent citizens.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

THE revision of the New Testament, and the enormous sale of the revised form both in England and in this country, are exceedingly interesting facts. According to Mr. SMALLEY, in the *Tribune*, the new form has been received with universal disapproval in England; while in this country it is, upon the whole, warmly commended. There is, indeed, no subject upon which the voice of tradition would be more powerful than upon any change in the old familiar version of the Bible. No book is so universally familiar. None speaks to Christendom with such solemn authority. With none are there such profound and affectionate associations. It is the sacred book, and the literary form of a sacred book becomes in the general imagination an essential part of it. Doubtless to very many persons a revision of the received form of the New Testament seemed to be a kind of sacrilege.

But it is not by such feelings that the work is to be judged. The English version of the New Testament is a translation from the Greek made by English scholars more than two hundred and fifty years ago. The means of accurate translation have so immensely increased since that time that for every reason it was desirable to test the accuracy of the accepted form. If better knowledge should reveal such errors upon the part of the old translators as to show that they had misapprehended doctrine, the result could not but be very serious. But no honest Christian believer would for that reason have wished that the revision should not be made. The result of the work to all such believers is most gratifying, because no change introduced by more thorough knowledge of the Greek language affects any received Christian doctrine. Indeed, the first impression must be that of surprise and pleasure that the old version is so faithful. The changes are mostly, not altogether, verbal, and for that very reason the question will be pressed whether it was worth while to make them. Thus the doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer is omitted, and it is asked whether a part of the usual and endeared form of the prayer—unessential, indeed, but not unfitly completing it, and in no way disfiguring or injuring it—might not wisely have been retained.

To such questions the reply is twofold: first, that if the English form of the New Testament had not been changed with the progress of time, parts of it would now have become unintelligible, as Mr. HENRY C. POTTER showed by reading a passage from the old WYCLIFFE translation; and second, the object of a revision should be the purity and accuracy of the text, so that what does not belong to the Testament may not be cherished as a part of it. In the famous chapter of Corinthians the word hitherto rendered charity is now rendered love. To the popular ear this will be an unwelcome change. But as the chapter celebrates the essential principle of Christianity, which is love, and as divines and scholars and preachers constantly explain that charity in our general modern sense is not the equivalent of the Greek word, the change will gradually justify itself. In a book like the New Testament a certain quaintness and archaic form often lend poetic dignity to the expression, but this should not be allowed to become misleading. The universal sale of the revision is pleasant to note, because, although a large part of the buyers consists of those who are habitual readers of the Testament, there must be multitudes also who are now curiously reading a wonderful book too much neglected by them.

THE STATUE OF FARRAGUT.

THERE is universal agreement that ST. GAUDENS'S statue of FARRAGUT is one of the finest memorial works of the kind in the country, and that it was well worth while to wait for it for the long time since the committee was organized. It is most favorably placed, and the day of the unveiling was one of the loveliest days of May. The crowd was very great; the platform was covered with distinguished guests; and the crowning work of the occasion, the oration by Mr. CHOATE, was in every way worthy of the hero, the day, and the event.

It was a singularly glowing and felicitous sketch of FARRAGUT'S career, wholly without the weariness of too precise detail, but leaving a vivid impression of the strong, simple, intrepid man. The orator naturally began with an allusion to the romance which always invests naval heroes, and his eloquent words have given fitting form to that feeling in the case of FARRAGUT.

There is peculiar propriety in the erection of the statue of our great Admiral in the great sea-port. He was in a high sense the guardian of the seas. He represents the sturdy patriotism of the brave men who fought upon the ocean in the same cause with the brave men who fought upon the land. The merchants of New York, who munificently sustained the army and the navy in the civil war, justly honor the famous sailor whose name has become a national possession, like the names of JONES and DECATUR and LAWRENCE and PERRY; and they have been equally fortunate in the sculptor who has carved the statue and the orator who has worthily told the story of FARRAGUT.

THE EVENING POST.

THE most important recent event in the world of newspapers is the transfer of the *Evening Post* to a new ownership, with Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. GODKIN as editors, and Mr. HORACE WHITE, formerly the successful and distinguished editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, as an owner, and doubtless an editorial contributor. Such a combination assures to the new management of the *Post* a commanding ability, experience, and character which can not fail faithfully to continue and greatly to strengthen the excellent traditions of the paper. It assures to the public a journal of the truest political independence, vigor, and brilliancy, in which public questions will be discussed with the incisive force that springs from ample knowledge and sincere conviction, while the old authoritative position of the paper upon subjects of literature and art will be ably maintained.

Every powerful accession to honest and independent journalism is a public benefit, and no one will deny that the change in the *Post* promises such an accession.

AMERICAN EDITIONS OF THE REVISED VERSION.

FROM the New York *Times* of May 25 we copy the following comments on the action of the Oxford and Cambridge printing-houses with regard to the publication of the revised version of the New Testament in this country:

"The publication of the revised version of the New Testament by the Oxford and Cambridge printing-houses has unexpectedly furnished an illustration of the English feeling in regard to international copyright. It is understood that the American company offered the English houses a very large sum for the right of reproduction in the United States, with a royalty on each copy sold—an offer which would have shut off unauthorized and hasty reprints, and put a large sum of money in the hands of both the English printing-houses and the American company of revisers. But the control of the American market was so rich a field in English eyes that the offer of the American company was treated scarcely civilly by the houses which own the English copyright. They preferred to take their chances of placing 400,000 copies on the American market, when they might have had a revenue from perhaps 40,000,000 copies. This was a case where international copyright was in such hands that the working of the proposed system of equal rights to all authors using the English tongue could have been perfectly illustrated. It has been defeated by the cupidity of the great publishing-houses at Oxford and Cambridge, who had the matter entirely in their own hands. In other words, the English publishers complain bitterly when they suffer at the hands of 'pirates' among their brethren in America, but are perfectly willing to be 'pirates' when they have the New Testament as the prize in hand. The American company had a legitimate claim to a share in the copyright on the ground of their contributions to the general work, and on the further ground, if they had chosen to urge it, of defraying the expenses of the revision, though the expenses had really been met by private subscription. This has been lost, and a great moral example, which would have greatly advanced the interests of literature, has been lost with it, because the English houses did not choose to look at the matter beyond the point of personal advantage."

As a protest against this attempt of English publishers to hold this market against American publishers, HARPER & BROTHERS will issue several editions of the revised version in the cheapest legible form, besides an edition in 8vo, with pica type, which will be superior to the Oxford edition, and sold at a more reasonable price. Their editions will be printed from new type, and have been carefully read by experienced and scholarly proof-readers; and the readings and renderings preferred by the American revisers, which were consigned to an appendix by the English committee, are placed in foot-notes.

"HARPER'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETRY."

THE late EPES SARGENT, of whom a kindly memory will long dwell in many hearts, was all his life a student of English literature, and some years ago he began the preparation of a complete cyclopædia of British and American poetry. It was emphatically a labor of love. His leisure gave him ample opportunity for the task, and his refined and catholic taste guided his selection. With the most careful diligence he considered every poem, and in his final choice he remembered all other similar collections, and aimed to make his own complete and comprehensive and characteristic, yet with a charm of freshness as well as familiarity.

The work was completed in the year preceding his death, and the very last pages were put into type but a few days before he died. The HARPERS have now issued it in one of the finest volumes of the kind that have been published, a solid, broad-paged, double-columned, clear-typed book of nearly a thousand pages, becomingly bound for a gift, and in every way attractive. The selections range from CHAUCER to the GOODALE sisters, including, with specimens of all the great and minor poets, the famous single anonymous poems that sing on through every generation with a steadily increasing stream.

It is impossible to compile a work of this kind which will not seem to some readers to have omitted something that they would fain find, or to do inadequate justice to a favorite author. But Mr. SARGENT seems to us to have laid himself open to such complaints as little as practicable. The exceptional taste which takes peculiar delight in the verse of LANDOR, for instance, may wish that more extracts had been made from his poetry; but the space spared from an author who is not especially famed as a poet has been well devoted to CAMPBELL, almost all of whose truly memorable poems are included in the *Cyclopædia*. It is, in fact, a beautiful work admirably done, and it will endure as the fitting monument of the pure and gentle-hearted editor, as well as a noble body of the poetry of our language.

PERSONAL.

THE sword and silk sash worn during the war of the Revolution by Colonel OLIVER SPENCER, of New Jersey, will be worn at the Yorktown celebration by General J. MADISON DRAKE, commander of the Veteran Zouaves of Elizabeth, New Jersey. The sword was carried through the war for the Union by Major GEORGE BLIGHT HALSTED, a worthy grandson of Colonel SPENCER, who had a horse shot under him at the battle of Springfield, and who was dangerously wounded at Yorktown, the sash bearing ample evidence of the fact.

—The *Critic* has secured as one of its contributors the Rev. Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF, who in the last number has an interesting article on the Revised New Testament.

—Mr. W. E. BYERLY, who graduated from Harvard ten years ago, has succeeded to the professorial chair of Professor BENJAMIN PEIRCE.

—Mr. WILLIAM A. HOVEY has resigned his position as editor of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, and has purchased an interest in the Boston *Sunday Budget*, of which he is to be the editor. He will also edit the *Manufacturers' Gazette*, which will soon be issued. Mr. HOVEY will be succeeded as editor of the *Transcript* by Mr. E. H. CLEMENT, who has been for several years his chief assistant. Mr. CLEMENT is a graduate of Tufts College, and has been connected with the New York *Tribune* and the Newark (New Jersey) *Advertiser*.

—Minneapolis, Minnesota, has the largest water-power milling business of any place of its size in the United States. Congressman WASHBURN owns five mills, and Governor WASHBURN three, but the latter have the larger producing capacity.

—London papers have it that the Princess BEATRICE is engaged to Lord ROWTON, the Earl of Beaconsfield's late secretary, who has become private secretary to the Queen.

—The London *News* says that the choice of Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL to preside at the dinner of the Royal Literary Society was a good and interesting one. "He has shown that an accomplished man of letters may also be a skillful diplomatist and a thorough man of business. In America, as the examples of IRVING, BANCROFT, MOTLEY, MARSH, BAYARD TAYLOR, and Mr. LOWELL prove, the experience of human nature, the urbanity, tolerance, tact, which are necessary in the 'Perfect Ambassador' of the old Spanish treatise, are found added to that literary knowledge which ought to beget them."

—Mr. LANDER, son of General LANDER, is said to be making fine progress at the Dramatic College in Dresden. He inherits his talent for the stage from his mother, formerly JEAN DAVENPORT, who in her day was a popular theatrical star.

—Ex-Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER and General KIRBY SMITH gave an elaborate breakfast on the 24th May, in London, to Mr. WHITELAW REID and his bride. Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, Minister LOWELL, and Hon. S. S. COX were among the guests, and there was much political fun and banter on the occasion.

—Mr. OWEN WISTAR, a grandson of FANNY KEMBLE, was one of the actors in the Greek play at Harvard. Everybody in Boston, even the policemen, talk nothing but *Œdipus*.

—Senator LAMAR, of Mississippi, had the tact as well as the magnanimity to move the confirmation of Ex-Senator BRUCE (colored) as Register of the United States Treasury. The confirmation was unanimous.

—Ex-Governor HUBBARD, of Connecticut, likes his little fish. A few days ago he paid thirty dollars for the first Connecticut River salmon of the season, which was taken near Lyme, and weighed twenty-two and a half pounds.

—The original of "Mary had a little Lamb" was written by Mr. JOHN ROULSTONE, of Boston, proprietor of a popular riding school, sixty years ago. "Mary," the owner of the lamb, is now Mrs. TYLER, of Somerville, Massachusetts.

—Nine years ago the Brattle Street Church, Boston, was completed at a cost of $284,000. It was sold at auction several days ago to J. MONTGOMERY SEARS for $81,000. Mr. CHENEY, of Cheney's Express Company, bid $75,000, and Mr. LEOPOLD MORSE, a Hebrew gentleman, offered $79,000 for the Christian edifice, but Mr. SEARS went $2000 better, and won.

—The late FRANCIS AMORY, of Boston, bequeathed $20,000 to the New England Hospital for Women and Children, and $2000 to the Boston Young Men's Christian Union.

—Mr. J. J. JONES, member of the London School Board, and director of the London Samaritan Society, has just arrived in this country on behalf of the working classes of the United Kingdom, to familiarize himself with the resources and facilities of Canada and the United States for absorbing English-speaking people.

—General FRANCIS A. WALKER, Superintendent of the United States Census, has been chosen president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and will enter on his duties in October.

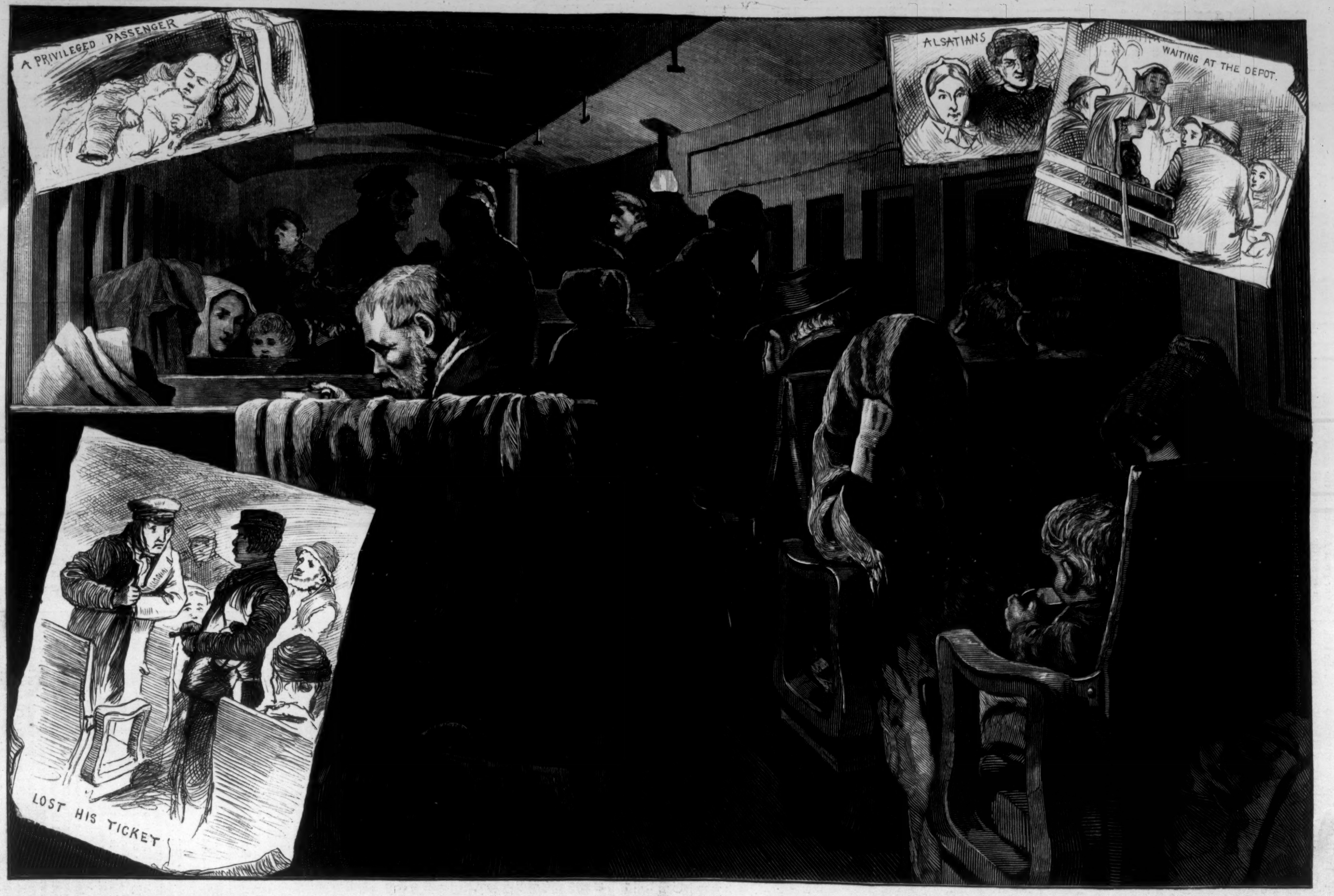
—Rev. FRANCIS G. PEABODY, the new Professor of Christian Morals and Preacher to the University, at Harvard, is a young man of thirty-three, and is spoken of as a man of intellect and a fine preacher. In college he took high rank as a scholar, and was distinguished for oratorical power.

—During the last 120 years the only statesmen who have been honored by memorials erected to them in Westminster Abbey are the two PITTS, Mr. PERCIVAL, Sir ROBERT PEEL, and Lord PALMERSTON.

—Colonel GARDNER A. SAGE, of this city, has made the New Brunswick people happy by giving to their Theological Seminary $90,000.

—Mr. JOHN P. CLARK, of Milton, Vermont, is the heaviest taxpayer in Vermont, his property being assessed at $900,000. There is not a man in the State assessed at $1,000,000.

—Mr. NATHAN CARRUTH, who died on the 19th of May at his residence, Ashmont, near Boston, was one of Boston's most worthy and distinguished citizens. After accumulating a fortune in mercantile and manufacturing business, Mr. CARRUTH identified himself with, and took a leading part in developing, the railway enterprises of Massachusetts. Indeed, he was one of the first to comprehend the importance of railroad communication to the people of New England. He was prominent in the organization and completion of the Western Railroad, which united Boston with Albany, and made the former a competitor for the products of the West. At nearly the same time the Old Colony Railroad was incorporated, and he became its first president. He was also one of the men by whose courage and persistence the Northern Railroad was built, which brought Boston into direct and important relations with Montreal and Ogdensburg, and secured for it a good portion of the commerce of the lakes. In many other enterprises in which the interests of Massachusetts were concerned he took an important part, and by his sagacity and prudence aided in carrying them to successful results. He was throughout life an active participator in, and liberal contributor to, various religious, charitable, and educational institutions, and took especial satisfaction in assisting and sustaining the cause of foreign missions. New England may well lament the loss of such a man.



ON AN IMMIGRANT TRAIN, WESTWARD BOUND.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.—[See Page 383.]

SCENE IN A COACHING CLUB STABLE.—Drawn by James E. Kelly.—[See Page 379.]

THE DEAD RAILWAY KING.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT, the famous Railroad King, whose death occurred recently, at the age of fifty-eight, was another of the world's great men who achieved the largest success from the smallest beginnings, and in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties. He began at the bottom of the ladder, and by his native ability, untiring energy, surprising quickness, and unerring judgment of men and things he climbed to the top. In the close, sharp competition of railway magnates, including the VANDERBILTS, GOULD, GARRETT, HUNTINGTON, and many others who have made names and fortunes for themselves in promoting our railway system, THOMAS A. SCOTT was recognized as first and foremost. He was great in everything he undertook, but his fame was most closely connected with the gigantic Pennsylvania Railroad system.

Born before the days of railroads and telegraphs, in a house situated between Chambersburg and Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania, before which the sign "Tom Scott's Tavern" swung, he was fatherless at the age of ten years. The tavern-keeper was not rich, and dying, left a large family. The son who bore his name received only a common-school education, and at the age of fourteen was at work to support himself.

After serving as clerk in country stores for some time, he gained a position, in 1841, in the toll-collector's office at Columbia, his brother-in-law being the collector. While in this position he displayed a rare aptitude for figures, and six years afterward he was transferred to Philadelphia to act as collector to the chief clerk. Shortly after this he married. In 1850, when the Pennsylvania Railroad was opened to the Mountain House, Colonel SCOTT was appointed a station agent at Duncansville, and afterward Superintendent of the Western (Pittsburgh) Division. While serving in that position his abilities for the first time made themselves strikingly evident, and while serving in that capacity he acquired a perfect knowledge of railway transportation, which so greatly distinguished him in after-life among other "railroad kings." On the death of WILLIAM B. FOSTER, Vice-President, in 1860, Colonel SCOTT was elected as his successor.

THE LATE THOMAS A. SCOTT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.

The story of his appointment as station agent is characteristic of the man. Young SCOTT had been recommended to Mr. J. EDGAR THOMSON for the position, and the latter telegraphed him to come to Harrisburg immediately. The next day, while Mr. THOMSON was sitting in his office, in walked a visitor who was a picture of manly beauty, and who bore about him such a breezy air of independence as plainly indicated that corporation chieftains had no terrors for him. His long yellow hair straggled over his shoulders, a wide-brimmed slouch hat was perched on the back of his head, his pants were tucked in his boots, and his hands were exploring the very depths of his pockets.

"Young man, what do you want?" inquired Engineer THOMSON, looking at him sharply.

"I believe you telegraphed for me," was the response, in a very clear but respectful tone, but with no indication of embarrassment.

"What is your name?"

"THOMAS A. SCOTT."

"Are you the young man Dr. GIVEN recommended?"

"Yes, sir."

The Chief Engineer, after a long and earnest scrutiny of the long hair, the big hat, the boot-incased pants, and pocket-hidden hands, said, suddenly and brusquely, "I don't think you will suit me."

"That doesn't make a bit of difference to me," replied the fair young man with the golden locks, not one whit abashed. "I made up my mind to come down here anyway and try you for a month, and if I liked you, to stay, and if I didn't, I would mighty soon tell you so. Good-day, sir."

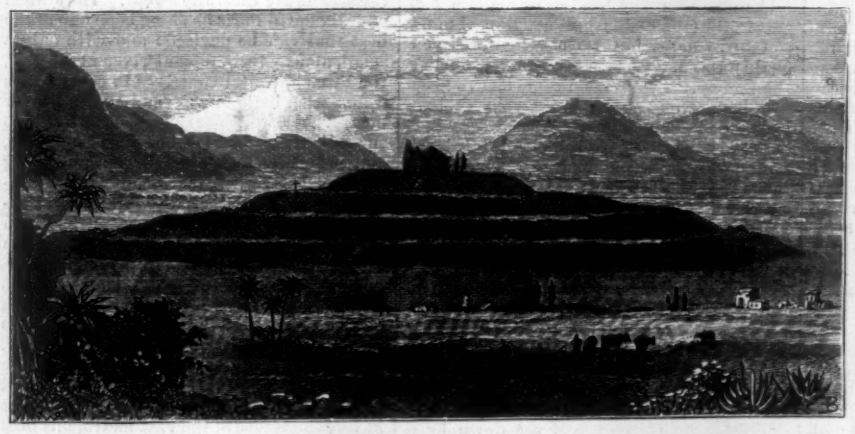
"Hold on there," called out Chief THOMSON, as the young man was walking away. "Come back here. I guess I will try you for a month." And he tried him for many years afterward.

Early in the war of the rebellion he was called on by the government to take charge of the railroad transportation of the army. He received the rank of colonel, and rendered service of the greatest value. He was afterward appointed Assistant Secretary of War, and discharged the duties devolving upon him with marvellous industry and efficiency. He returned to his railroad work in 1862, and entered upon the great career of railroad enterprise that made him one of the two or three most eminent railroad men of America, and perhaps the greatest of them. Besides the Pennsylvania road (of which he became President in June, 1874) and its direct connections, he controlled and in large part built several of the Pacific Railroad connections, the Denver and Rio Grande, and the Southern Pacific; was for a time President of the Union Pacific, and was one of the most active managers of the Northern Pacific road. His health at last broke down under his tremendous labors, and after trying, without much benefit, the effect of a year's rest and travel in Europe, he resigned the Presidency of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and retired from active business about a year ago.

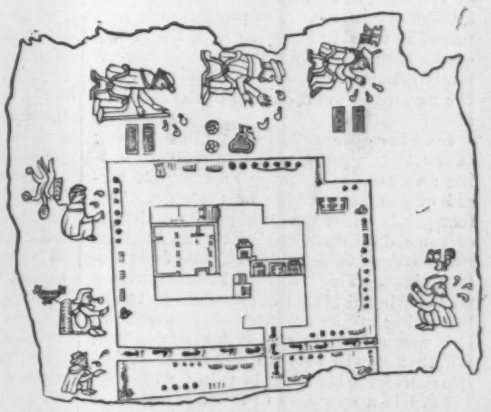
Colonel SCOTT was a man of superior courage. At the time of the battle of Antietam, after he had left the government service, there was a great scarcity of ammunition in the Union camp, and to hurry forward supplies during a critical exigency Colonel SCOTT took personal charge of and accompanied a train of cars loaded with powder. While telegrams from the front were depicting in vivid language the necessity of dispatch, and the train was being urged forward as rapidly as possible, hot boxes were noticed on some of the cars, but as the destination was nearly reached, a halt, which might have proved fatal to important army operations, was forbidden, despite the formidable danger to the train which had been developed, and the powder cars, with blazing wheels, arrived at the point where they were needed, amid the commingled amazement, consternation, and gratification of the spectators.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

THE Pyramid of Cholula is situated on the road from Puebla to Mexico, and has been compared to the Pyramids of Egypt. Its base is twice as large as that of Cheops, and covers forty-four acres. It is higher than the Pyramid of Mycerinus. It is composed of four stories, and 120 steps lead to the platform of the great Teocallis on the top of the pyramid. This temple has also been compared to the Temple of Belus, at Babylon. The pyramid is constructed to correspond with the four cardinal points, and was built, according to some chroniclers, to commemorate the Tower of Babel. The temple was dedicated to QUETZALCOATL—and what Eastern ancient hero can compare with the saintly QUETZALCOATL or CUKULCAN, the great positive moral teacher and culture hero of the Mayas and Aztecs? He is described as having been a white man, with a strong formation of body, broad fore-



1. THE PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.



3. SPECIMEN OF PICTURE WRITING OF THE AZTECS.

2. MURAL PAINTING ON INSIDE WALL OF ONE OF THE CHAMBERS AT CHICHEN-ITZA.

4. RELIEF IN STUCCO AT PALENQUE.

head, large eyes, and flowing beard. He wore a mitre on his head, and was dressed in long white robes reaching to his feet, covered with red crosses. In his hand he held a sickle. His habits were ascetic. He never married, was most chaste and pure in his life, and is said to have endured penance in a neighboring mountain, not for its effect on himself, but as an example to others. He condemned sacrifices, except of fruits and flowers, and was known as the god of peace, for when addressed on the subject of war, he is reported to have stopped his ears with his fingers. This Being declared to the Cholulans that he would return and renew their happiness, and in CORTEZ and his soldiers the unhappy MONTEZUMA recognized the descendants of their expected Messiah. In addressing CORTEZ for the first time, MONTEZUMA said: "We know by our books that myself and those who inhabit this country are not natives, but strangers, who came from a great distance. We know also that the chief who led our ancestors hither returned for a certain time to his primitive country, and thence came back to seek those who were here established. He found them married to the women of this land, having numerous posterity, and living in cities which they had built. Our ancestors hearkened not to their ancient master, and he returned alone. We have always believed that his descendants would one day come to take possession of this country. Since you arrive from that region where the sun rises, and as you assure me you have long known us, I can not doubt but that the king who sent you is our natural master."

No. 2 is a mural painting on the inside wall of one of the chambers at Chichen-Itza, in Yucatan, traced by Dr. LE PLONGEON in 1875. The principal colors used in these paintings are blue and yellow in light or dark shades, with their compounds, and a flesh-color of light red. Ingenuity will fit different interpretations to the representation. Dr. LE PLONGEON says the two figures, which are a part of a more complicated design, represent the Queen KINICH-KAKMO, when a child, consulting an H-men, or an astrologer, as to her destiny. Her fortune is told from the lines produced by fire on the shell of an armadillo or turtle (also a Chinese custom). The prediction is contained in the scroll leading from the throat of the H-men. Again, who can authoritatively interpret the scroll from its form and the various colors used within the different lines?

No. 3 is a specimen of the picture-writing of the Aztecs, portraying a lawsuit respecting an estate, and contains a complete record of the proceedings in the case. The foot-prints either denote a public highway, or some date connected with the boundaries, as three foot-prints are one of the Godice signs. This form of picture-writing was continued after the conquest up to the beginning of the seventeenth century, but it is now a lost art, and it is very doubtful whether it will ever be recovered. Antiquarians have searched in vain for the key.

No. 4 is a specimen of relief in stucco at Palenque. An effigy of the sun is seen on the ornament hung round the neck. In other figures, and maybe on the reverse side of the medal, is seen the Egyptian tau. This symbol, a member of the crux ansata, also appears at Palenque on the tablet of the cross discovered there. Whether it has the same significance, or is analogous to the same symbol used on the shores of the Mediterranean, and on the Nile and the Ganges, has yet to be determined.

The well-known tablet of the cross represents a bird perched on it, and a priest on each side making offerings, but whether to the cross or to the supposed Quetzal, the royal bird of the Quichés, is a mystery. This tablet has been compared to the sculpture on the Vocal Memnon of Thebes, and to the top of the Carnac obelisk. Egyptologists, however, are unable to decipher the Maya hieroglyphics. They are supposed to differ from those of Egypt and Assyria, inasmuch as they are not to be read by sound. The Egyptian records contain no allusion to the deluge, whereas traditions of it exist throughout the ancient chronicles of Central America. Egyptian sculpture, however, is generally in intaglio, whilst American is in relief. The facial angle of the busts, according to CAMPER, was enlarged by the artists of Egypt and Greece, whereas the receding forehead was exaggerated to an almost hideous extent by the American sculptors. This ideal of beauty is still aimed at by the Flat-head Indians, by whom a board is strapped across the forehead of a new-born baby, which is kept there for months, for the purpose of giving the requisite tribal shape to the head. Many symbols are, however, common to America and Egypt. The feathered serpent is an instance, as well as the same hieroglyphic, representing a king on the Egyptian monuments, is found sculptured in the walls at Chichen-Itza, in a corner above a figure of a supposed chief.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—(*Continued.*)

GYPSYING DAY.

WHEN the day came, there were many pretty things "come to see and to be seen"—according to one of those grand "examples" which abide in the mind when the rule is lost in the dissolution of Syntax. But though a round dozen—and round they were—of Droonshire beauties came to the scratch (to adopt Mr. Short's low metaphor), all, except every single one of them in private, confessed that they were only fit to hold a candle to Julia Touchwood and Rose Arthur. Upon such a question a good bold statement is better than elaborate description. And as to the palm betwixt those twain, Julia was sure that she ought to have it, but wanted to get her opinion confirmed; while Rose, without dreaming of any competition, admired Miss Touchwood heartily.

When they met, in a beautiful path of the wood, with the officious Dicky fetching them, there really was a nice piece of manners, as well as a pretty interview. Either had heard of the other so much, and formed such imaginary portraits, that both were a little excited; but one thought it wise to conceal that condition, while the other never thought about it.

Julia Touchwood had long intended to be "garbed with simplicity," at this feast of nature; or, as our best authorities express it, to be "dressed with studious plainness." But her mother, with the eagle eye of the superior sex, had found a hole in this, or made one. "You want to look as if you were not come out. You may try that after thirty; but, at your age, you should try to look older."

"I shall suit myself," the young lady replied; and truly she had done it. She was just in the interval of the ages—if such an interval there be—when the velvety half of the human race take superior views of apparel. Therefore it was not to please herself, but others, that she had a new costume from Paris, imported by her father, and so refulgent that the Custom-house people winked every eye.

"How charming it is to discover you at last!" Miss Touchwood exclaimed to the sweet single Rose, as if she had lit upon a flower in a hedge-row. "You have been so wonderfully kind to my dear brother! Dicky, be off. We want to talk." Dicky made a face, and desired to stop. But the weight was against him, and he had to go.

"But I have always been at home," said Rose, as quiet and truthful as her pearl-gray dress, which was of some material unknown to Julia, soft, and supple, and of mild sub-lustre, yet void of shrinking, and fast not to run—"I have always been at home, Miss Touchwood, except on the day when you happened to call upon us. And you understood that I could not call upon you."

"I did not expect you; and that makes it all the kinder on your part to be with us to-day. I hope to introduce you to some very famous people. Their names might frighten you; but when you come to talk to them, they scarcely seem to know anything at all, or if they do, they keep it very close. I always expect to be amused. Don't you?"

"I have never thought about it in that kind of way. It is so seldom that I go from home. But at home I have so many things to do. If you will kindly allow me, I shall be much happier without being introduced. There are several people whom I know here; quite enough to keep me from feeling lonely. And this place is so lovely that it seems a shame to talk."

"Why, that was the principal thing we came for," Miss Touchwood answered, with a lively smile; "but you shall do just as you like; unless the Bishop comes, as he half promised to do, if his many engagements allowed it. If he does, you must be presented to him; because it is lucky for young people."

"Oh, I know the Bishop very well indeed; he has always been most kind to me. If he comes, I shall go at once and see him."

Julia, with all her good manners, could not help looking, and almost expressing, her surprise; while Rose colored deeply, not because of the Bishop, but through fear that she might have spoken rashly.

"She has told a great fib," was Miss Touchwood's inference, sped by her sense of a small one of her own; for she knew that the Bishop could not come, and fancied that Rose might know it too. However, she only said, "Oh, you know him! How delightful he is, when he likes to be! And he does love trout. Have you heard of my clever brother Richard's scheme? A diversion, in the best sense of the word. Mr. Short is in such a fume about it! Has Dick told you? He is in such glory!"

"He is full of ideas," said Rose, most gravely; at which the other laughed most merrily. "Yes, he is indeed; when he could not shake his foot, he spent most of his time in inventing."

"No wonder he talks about you so much, because of your noble faith in him. He has invented one thing, I believe, the only thing he ever will invent, and that is perpetual motion. What a plague he must have been to you! He wears me out of my wits sometimes, even when he ought to be as tired as a pack-horse. But his present invention is not his own, or at least it seems much too good for him. It certainly is a very fine idea, for it helps on the day at so many turns. He wanted to bring fifty terriers here, and treat all the canons to a rat-hunt; but of course we would not hear of that. So he struck out this new light, which promises much excitement. People call him stupid, but I do not. If he were stupid, could he get at least fifty rough men to admire him, and to obey his orders?"

"He has an extraordinary gift of being liked," said Rose, with a smile, for she liked him herself; "especially with the laboring-men. Our man, Samuel Slowbury, very rarely indeed is wide awake. But your brother formed a friendship—I beg your pardon, an acquaintance with him; and Sam can scarcely sleep if 'Squire Dicky's' name is mentioned."

"Just so; that is the state of feeling in our house, and round it. And he has taken advantage of it to order his army in this direction. At the hoisting of a flag where the two paths meet, at least five-and-twenty men are to descend from Cranbrook Castle, where they keep their beer, with shovels, and two bills, and all that on their shoulders. And nobody is to know what they are to do, until they have done it, and the result is ours. I hope I have soured your curiosity. But if you meet Mr. Short, try not to ask him, for he thinks it a hundredfold worse than the lashing of his Mrs. Aggett to the stake—I mean the pump. I must run away now, but I shall look for you again; and don't forget your promise about the Bishop. I shall send some one to keep you in view. You have got your sketch-book: I shall claim one."

Rose, being left to herself, or at least with none but strangers sauntering near, turned up a steep and zigzag path, which seemed likely to lead to a fine view up the valley. Here she was obliged to be very careful, as her pretty dress was in frequent peril; but without mishap she gained a corner, where a glorious opening shone. At the just height, and the proper turn, to catch the long avenue of winding vale, a grassy knoll gave standing-place, the obstruction of the wood sank down into copse that only paved the foreground. With a short breath of wonder, and a long one of delight, Rose stopped, and sat down by a low whortle-bush, with a pink frill still adorning it. Before her were folded and unfolded the long hazy windings of the Fingle vale, the loveliest view that had ever filled her eyes. The perfection of beauty made her sad; she threw down her useless drawing-book, and hung upon the turn of thought for tears.

Suddenly vigorous steps came near, firm steps that sounded not unknown; and before she had time to look bright and thoughtless, a young man was gazing at her, with profound surprise. Good manners told him haply not to notice her confusion; but love and love's sympathy got the better of good manners, or in nature bettered them. Without formality he took her hand, as if she wanted caring for.

"Why are you sitting like this, all alone? And with tears in your eyes! Have any of those stupid people dared to be rude to you? Or has that poor little Hop o' my Thumb—"

"No; he has been very good," she answered, forgetting that she should have asked who was meant. "I am as happy as possible here. Every one has been most kind to me. I did not expect to see you, Mr. Westcome."

"And I scarcely hoped that you would be here. I knew that you had been invited, but— Well, I came in the forlorn hope of it. Is your good father here? I fear not, because you are never far apart."

"No; there was no chance of his coming. If he went out once, he would have to go always, because everybody likes him so. Lady Touchwood would have been more delighted than she could describe, as she very kindly told me; but it was useless to think of such a thing. Now wasn't it kind of him to let me come?"

"That it was, especially to me. You know your father is always most kind to me. And he told me that he liked me."

"Are you sure that he did that? It does not sound like his way at all. I never knew him say that to anybody." Rose looked up doubtfully, but Jack was sure about it.

"You must not tell him that I boasted of it, because he would think me so conceited, and perhaps it would set his mind against me, which I do hope you would never try to do. I never yet saw any one I liked so much—I mean of course counting up the gentlemen I know, and leaving out the ladies—as your dear father, my dear Miss Arthur. And he certainly felt some goodwill toward me, though not to be spoken of—I mean, not to compare with my intense admiration and affection for him."

"But you have only seen him once," said Rose, looking as if her father ought to produce these grand impressions at a glance, but did not do it; "how can you have managed to understand him so entirely?"

"Because the gift runs in our family," he answered, with the vigor which comes of believing a thing. "My father has got it twice as much as I have, because he has seen so much more of the world. He is down the hill now. He finds his legs a little stiff. He has been a good deal shot about, and bayoneted in three places. But he wants to come up, if there is anything to see, and he sent me on first to make sure of it. Please to stay here, just where you are, and look like yourself, when he comes up; I will have him here before you have time to think about him. It takes a long time to think about him."

"How fond he does seem to be of his father! And how much he admires mine!" thought Rose. "It is a very rare thing, they say, to meet with such high principles now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEALTH AND DRAINAGE.

WE have suffered ourselves to be excelled in the New World by several traits of civic improvement in the Old. In the care of the health of the citizen, London and Paris are more provident than New York. The ashes and garbage are removed with regularity; the streets are carefully swept. The system of drainage in Paris has long been one of the best that can be devised; and with only a small, almost insignificant river at its side, the French capital contrives to carry off its refuse with little offense, and every care for health. The immense sewers of Paris, where the rat-catcher pursues his dangerous trade, and the visitor wanders under-ground along the gloomy river, are more complete and successful than were those of Tarquin. In London within the last twenty years has been perfected a system of drainage better than even that of Paris. Along the front of London, on each side of the muddy Thames, opens a deep covered channel of stone, into which all the drains enter, and the vast conduits run for twenty-five miles down the river, until they pour their contents into a wide part of the stream. But it is not designed that this shall continue. It is hoped that at last the refuse of the vast metropolis may be made use of, and converted into a new source of fertility. Already it seems under the control of science. The important problem must soon be solved. It is said that the sewers of Rome impoverished Italy; but modern intelligence can not permit the perpetual waste, and the city must be made to return to the earth what it takes away.

Nowhere as in New York have natural advantages for drainage been so neglected, and even perverted. Some years ago a careful survey of its under-world of pipes and sewers was made. It was found that incompetence, corruption, and fraud had prevailed below as above the earth; that here all was ruin and decay; that health was endangered, life shortened, by the ignorance of the municipal government and the crimes of its officials. It is not necessary to go over the unattractive details. Here in one section it was found that the drains had moldered away, and sent their gases upward into streets and houses. Sometimes they were so carelessly built as not to flow; sometimes they even inclined toward the centre of the city. They spread diseases, they cut off infancy, and stopped the springs of life. Nowhere was there so perfect a picture of long years of misrule as in this account of the under-world of New York. London, Paris, or ancient Rome were at least happy in the fact that their rulers were sincerely anxious to complete their public works in a successful way; our rulers seem to have labored to make theirs a source of mischief and destruction. Yet of all great capitals New York has the fairest opportunity to provide itself with an effective drainage. It is encompassed on all sides by rivers, deep and navigable. The tides of the ocean alone would serve to purify and heal it. Only the yellow Tiber swept by the huge conduits of Tarquin; the Thames at low tide near Lon-

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don is only a moderate stream; at Paris the Seine seems insignificant beneath the mass of bridges and buildings. But with us the majestic Hudson sweeps away the débris of life to the wide ocean, the East River swells with its perpetual tides, and even the Harlem almost equals a European river. Yet neglect, ignorance, and corruption have made them sources of noisome odors in summer and winter, and an unclean government has tainted even the shores of the ocean itself.

There must evidently be a new system of drainage provided for New York, and science must lend its aid to perfect it. Let us surpass London and Paris. The capital of a republic should care more tenderly for the health of its people than the cities of the Europeans. It is a shame that we have so long lingered behind them. Our mechanics and working classes should at once lead the way in providing plans for the complete purification of their city, in supplying it with new streams of water, and opening a drainage to the sea. New York should be lined with conduits like London, into which all its drains should flow freely, and reservoirs built in some secure site where the chemical conversion of refuse into useful materials may take place. These plans of drainage and a water supply, of cleanliness and reform, may seem at first costly, but they will in the end enrich and adorn the city. In the midst of our new prosperity, when the wealth and commerce of the world are pouring in upon us, we may well seize the fortunate moment to repair the follies of the past; we may well create a government of intelligence that will give us sewers, aqueducts, and gardens, a higher education, a better life.

The science of drainage has advanced but little in two thousand years. The sewers of Tarquin were larger than those of London. Everywhere the wealthy cities of the classic age provided themselves with this sure means of health. "The beautiful city of Amastris," wrote the younger Pliny to the Emperor Trajan, "has on one side what is called a river, but is in fact a common sewer, offensive and pestilential; health and decency require that it should be covered." Trajan replied that by all means it should be covered. Had Pliny visited the rivers that border New York, he might have made a similar appeal. Or what might he not have said of Gowanus Creek? Ancient Rome was the city of sewers, and recent excavations have shown how carefully it was undermined and pierced by these subterranean tunnels. Tarquin is famous for his sewer rather than his temple. The temple is gone, and even its site disputed; but the huge vault of stone, fourteen feet high, still yawns above the Tiber, and drains the ancient city. It was built of massive stonework, arched, and so carefully put together that the twenty-five centuries it has lasted have not sapped its strength. It is a piece of honest workmanship that might have satisfied Carlyle. Traces of sewers are found in all the Etruscan cities, the masters of Rome. Through the Roman sewers rushed the great river of water that came from the fountains on the hills, and a happy example was set that modern science will no doubt rival and surpass.

One pleasant trait in modern city life is the opening of parks, squares, and gardens in the denser quarters. Fountains play among the leaves and bushes, and flowers cover the ground in some of the rudest districts of London and Paris. It is a real progress in education. The children of the poor fill these narrow squares in summer, and form here their only acquaintance with nature. They love flowers instinctively, as all children do. All of us remember our infant wonder and delight at the delicate rose, the scented violet, and radiant pansy. They were the mother's eyes of the earth, all tenderness and love. Love, faith, and hope seemed to blossom with them. It is to convey these ideas to the children of the poor who live in crowded tenements that philanthropists labor to place a garden or a square near them. London is converting its church-yards into play-grounds, and opening its numerous parks to the poor. In Paris, within twenty years, these open spaces have grown up everywhere. The fragrant and beautiful Parc des Buttes Chaumont, in one of the worst districts, was once a stone quarry, foul and odious. A small outlay has made it a thing of beauty. In the Park Monceau, says Robinson (*Parks and Gardens of Paris*), the thrushes and blackbirds whistle among the bushes, and the ground is carpeted with flowers. The Paris parks are kept green even in the late autumn by incessant watering. A hose of metal is used, that lies upon the ground, and sends out showers from openings in its sides.

New York may well imitate Paris. We have been too careless; we have sacrificed the Park, that should have been preserved green and fragrant; we have intruded on the Battery; we have lost St. John's Square. In the future we may be wiser, and plant some fragrant garden, however small, in the midst of the densest population.

New aqueducts, new sanitary regulations, improved drainage, parks, gardens, and the care of health may well form the cry of a new party. Every Republican at least has long demanded them, and for such measures the intelligent citizens of all parties will vote. Our Democratic rulers have taxed the city for their own advantage, and neglected every one of its real interests.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

IN A COACHING CLUB STABLE.

IT is only a part of the pleasure of coaching that the public see when a shining drag dashes up the Avenue, the ladies and gentlemen on its top all aglow with excitement, fresh air, and sunshine. The canter through the Park, the brief trip into the country, are the reward of the gentleman who has spent a deal of his money, and a deal more of his patience, in bringing together the horses, the coach, the harness, and the servants. But there goes out with every coaching party a company of elegant gentlemen, faultless in attire, solemnly decorous in deportment, beyond criticism in dignity of bearing, whose presence is as necessary to the enjoyment of a drive as the horses or the coach are to its accomplishment. These are not the gentlemen who have been invited to occupy the front seats; indeed, they are far more gorgeous in appearance, more oppressively dignified, than any of the merry party on the front of the coach. They are the guard and the footmen, without whose services a coach could not safely be taken out. They are not merely for show, these gorgeous creatures. The horn is necessary to warn other drivers of the drag's approach; for it is not easy for so ponderous a vehicle to turn out of the beaten track, or to give even half of the road. The footmen, generally kept inside the coach, are the keepers of one of the most important parts of the turn-out—the big iron clamp that must be fastened against one of the hind wheels whenever the coach is going down a steep hill. It takes a guard and at least three footmen to bring out a drag in proper English style. Then there is always an extra servant or two along to look after the luggage.

The guard and the footmen have a lively time of it when the coach is on the road. The horn must be blown at brief intervals, and if the road happens to be rough, the guard is in great danger of losing a few pieces from his front teeth. There is at least one guard in New York who has had the end of the horn jolted against his mouth so often that he has scarcely anything left to bite with. And it is not as easy work as it looks, blowing the coachman's horn. It takes an immense amount of wind, and the guard often reaches home well tired out. The footmen, too, are kept continually springing in and out; for at the slightest alarm the footman's place is at the leaders' heads, and there he must be, no matter how fast the coach is going. So the guard and the footmen are not so much to be envied when the coach is on its journey.

It is when the coach reaches home that these gentlemen of top-boots and rosettes really begin to enjoy existence. When it is put away in its elegant store-room, and the horses are stabled, they are in their proper sphere. The stable is no ordinary stable, it must be understood. Its fittings in every way correspond with those of the elegant residence to which it is attached. Its floors are clean, it is well aired and lighted, and the horses in its stalls even understand the dignity of their position. The stable once reached, the guard is no longer a servant, but a king. Stable-men and stable-boys treat him with deference, and the footmen are glad to curry his favor, for what can he not do for them? First and foremost, he can teach them to blow that wonderful horn, so that some day they may reach the dignified position he now holds. And there are the whips to be mended, and no one knows the proper knots half so well as the guard. The whip is a constant source of trouble. It is a long thong, little thicker than twine, but very strong, and fastened to a long wooden handle. It would be difficult to do more than tickle a horse's sides with it. The coach is so high and the whip so long that it is constantly catching in limbs of trees, and winding itself around telegraph wires. American coachmen have learned to let go the handle when the lash catches, for neither the thong nor the telegraph wire will break. One of the prominent members of the club narrowly escaped a serious accident last season by holding on to his whip handle. The lash caught a telepraph wire, and the driver was dragged from his seat, and would have been thrown to the ground, but one of the footmen, ever on the alert for danger, sprang out and caught him.

In return for his instructions and his gracious smiles, the guard expects and receives all sort of attentions. The stable-boys are proud to black his boots. Even the dog—and what stable has not its dog?—looks up to him with admiration. The artist has well pictured the interior of a coaching stable; and he has not forgotten a characteristic likeness of the aristocrat standing in the background—as great a man in his way as the owner of the coach and the horses and all the liveries.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WHEN Mr. Eldridge returned to Columbus, Indiana, after a short absence, "all his friends were shouting at him with the full strength of their lungs," and, lightning-rod agent though he is, he was somewhat disconcerted. Explanations led to the discovery that a friend who loves a joke had caused to be printed in a local paper the announcement that Mr. Eldridge had had the misfortune to become nearly deaf.

The 24th of May was the thirty-seventh anniversary of the demonstration in a public manner of the utility of the electric telegraph. Morse was in the chamber of the Supreme Court in Washington, and Alfred Vail, his co-worker, was at the other end of the line, in the Mount Clare Dépôt, Baltimore. Annie Ellsworth dictated the message, "What hath God wrought?"

The Lyon County (Nevada) *Times* prints the scientific information that the wind recently blew so hard in Dayton "that the rays of light were deflected from their true course. This," the *Times* continues, in order to leave no doubt of the genuineness of its statement, "was discovered by observing that the shadows cast by immovable objects vibrated on the ground. At first it was supposed that a post, firmly sunk in the ground, was shaken; but it was soon noticed that when the wind blew hardest, the shadow moved in a contrary direction, which showed that the rays were bent by the wind before they struck the post."

Persons who have reason to lament their exceeding thinness will be glad to learn that a company has recently been organized in Boston, with a capital of $100,000, "for the purpose of rendering fat."

Society note from a Cherokee County (Alabama) newspaper: "Francis Weaver has given bail, and is out enjoying fresh air."

The Horseshoe Fall at Niagara is to be lighted up by forty electric lamps of eight thousand candle-power.

A Connecticut Yankee is not particular as to how he travels, so long as he accomplishes his object of seeing the country. He has whittled out an ingenious model of the home of George Washington, which he carries in his wagon from town to town, and exhibits to school-children at five cents a head.

A St. Louis newspaper feels humiliated because a man has been appointed to a public position who is "in the habit of staying drunk." This is drawing the line where the most liberal of temperance societies never thought of locating it.

The infant daughter of John and Ella Pearson, the first white child born in Durango, Colorado, was welcomed with as much generosity as was that less fortunate child, "The Luck," in Bret Harte's story of frontier life. Miners and other frontiersmen filed up to the door in solemn procession, bringing such gifts as a bag of gold-dust, the deed of a town lot, a receipt for four tons of coal, a dozen bottles of soothing-syrup, a pup, a receipt for a post-office box, a pony and side-saddle, and—from an old bachelor, of course—a box of tooth-picks. The babe was named Una C. Pearson. "Take it all in all," says the enthusiastic local newspaper, "no other baby ever received such a rousing welcome as this one in the glorious climate of Durango."

A Cincinnati man strangely disappeared. The shrewdest detectives were put on his track, and at the end of nine weeks they seemed to be no nearer him than when they started. Then a close observer of human nature got the Mayor to appoint the missing man to a position in the city government. Two hours later the appointee, all out of breath, dashed into the Mayor's office to be sworn in.

The dagger used by Salvini in *Macbeth* during his engagement in this country was presented to a Boston critic, the tragedian being evidently less superstitious than actors usually are about parting with any of the paraphernalia that has been associated with their successes.

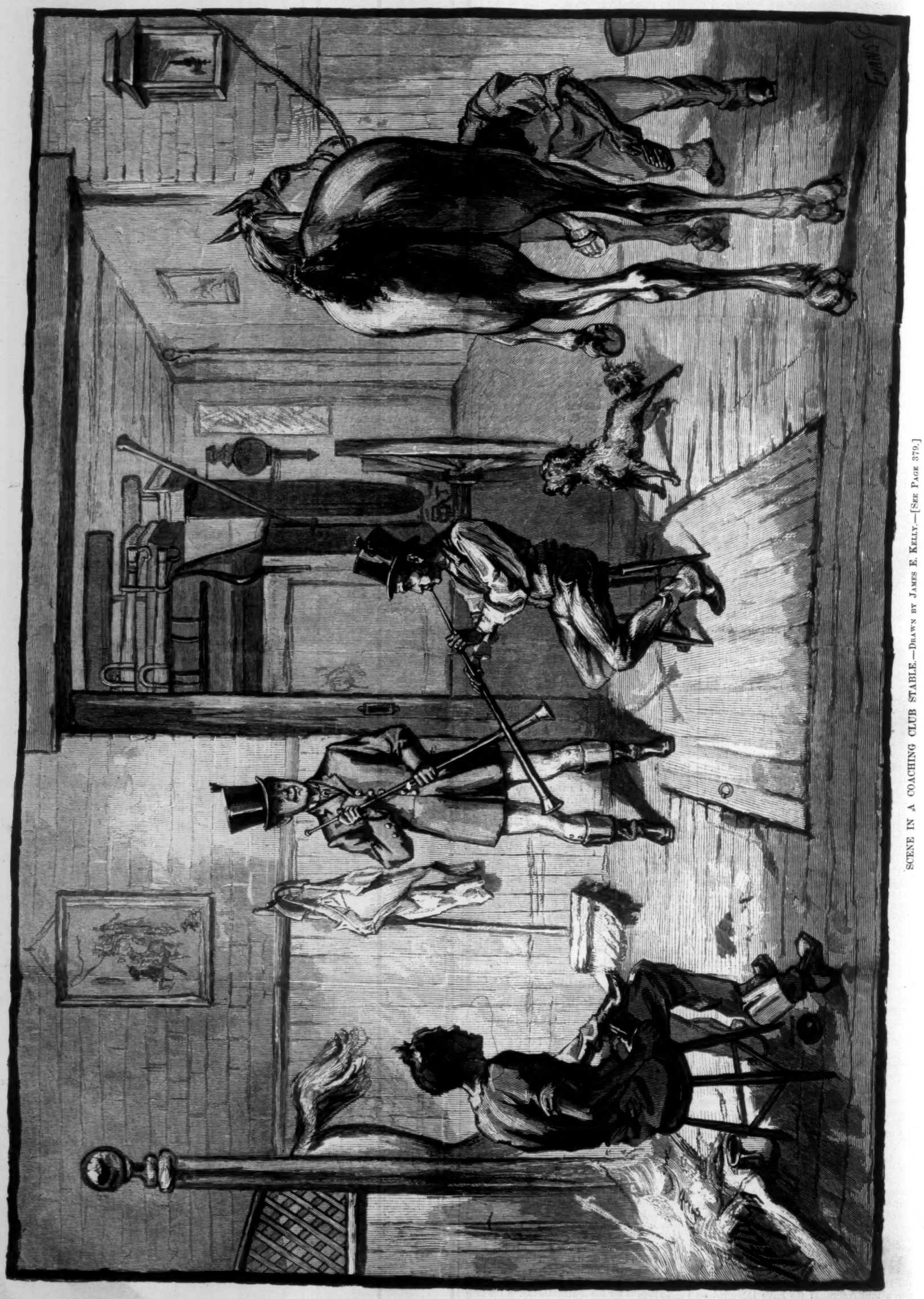
When the Legislature of a Western State begins to wear paper cuffs and shirt fronts, the special correspondents write to their journals that there are indications that the bulk of the important matters awaiting Legislative action will be disposed of so as to admit of an adjournment within three weeks.

The calling of journalism has its rewards in Bradford, Pennsylvania, where a young man, "one of the most graceful writers on the city press, received last night a beautiful bouquet, accompanied by a note from the ladies of the Home and Foreign Missionary Society, thanking him for the well-written article on the strawberry festival in behalf of the Chinese."

An incident of the recent floods in the West was the lifting of a church from its foundation by the water. In the steeple was a bell, and as the building rocked on the current, the tolling could be heard above the crashing of ice-fields and the roar of the flood.

The first attempt to commit suicide on the elevated railroad in this city was made a few days ago by a young woman who threw herself from a station platform in front of an approaching train. In the large cities of the world the high places accessible to the public have come to be utilized for the purpose of suicide. Many persons bent on self-destruction have leaped from the parapet of the High Bridge aqueduct across the Harlem River, and have been killed by the fall of over a hundred feet. Superstitious laborers engaged about the pumping-house have told stories of phantom shapes flitting along the capstones of the masonry on moonlight nights, or ascending the flights of stairs without stepping; and it is told of one of the men that though his working hours ceased at two o'clock in the morning, he would never cross the bridge to his home till after daylight. Since a drunken man leaped from above the keystone of the central arch, and lived to resume his occupation of fishing from the neighboring wharf, which exploit has been followed by descents in safety by two or three venturous persons, the place has been abandoned for purposes of suicide, as offering, perhaps, too many chances of failure. After the Brooklyn Bridge shall have been completed, it will, unless closely watched by guards, offer facilities for suicide which can not fail to attract those who may be tired of life.

"SHORTS," OR THE SURRENDER OF EFFECTS.



SCENE IN A COACHING CLUB STABLE.—DRAWN BY JAMES E. KELLY.—[SEE PAGE 379.]

SCENES ALONG THE NEW YORK DOCKS, EAST RIVER.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[See Page 386.]

11, 1881.

THE GREAT ADMIRAL.

By R. H. STODDARD.

GREAT men are few, but when
The world demands great men,
Either with sword or pen,
It does not lack them;
Nor they the iron will
That conquest can not kill,
For, crushed, they conquer still
All who attack them.

They triumph more and more,
And wiselier than before:
The warrior's reign is o'er,
For, though victorious,
And crowned with fools' applause,
Unless the sword he draws
Sustain a noble cause,
He is not glorious.

Should Cæsar come again,
Or darker Tamerlane,
To fill the earth with slain,
Its banded nations
Would rise with sword and flame,
And blast him as he came,
And History brand his name
With execrations.

Not such thy fame, O Tell!
Whose arrows sped so well,
Nor Arnold's, when he fell,
But grasped in dying
The Austrian spears, that shed
His last life-blood, and fled:
Brave heart, ere he was dead
He saw them flying!

Worthy of these, and all
Whom death could not appall,
Was our great Admiral,
Who, thrice victorious
O'er men as brave as he,
Whom he compelled to flee,
Can never cease to be
Forever glorious!

What Greatness undertakes
She prospers in; she makes
The Nelsons and the Blakes,
And makes them masters
Of stormy waves and winds,
Whose strength, which she unbinds,
Prepares their daring minds
To face disasters.

She made this grand old man,
Whose first emotions ran,
As only sailors' can,
Direct to ocean:
A sturdy boy of ten,
He took his place with men
Who ploughed its waters then
With stern devotion.

'Twas not the lot of these
To scud before the breeze,
Or furl their sails at ease
In Southern waters,
Where, slung in hammocks light,
They watch the sea-birds' flight,
Or dance on shore all night
With Beauty's daughters.

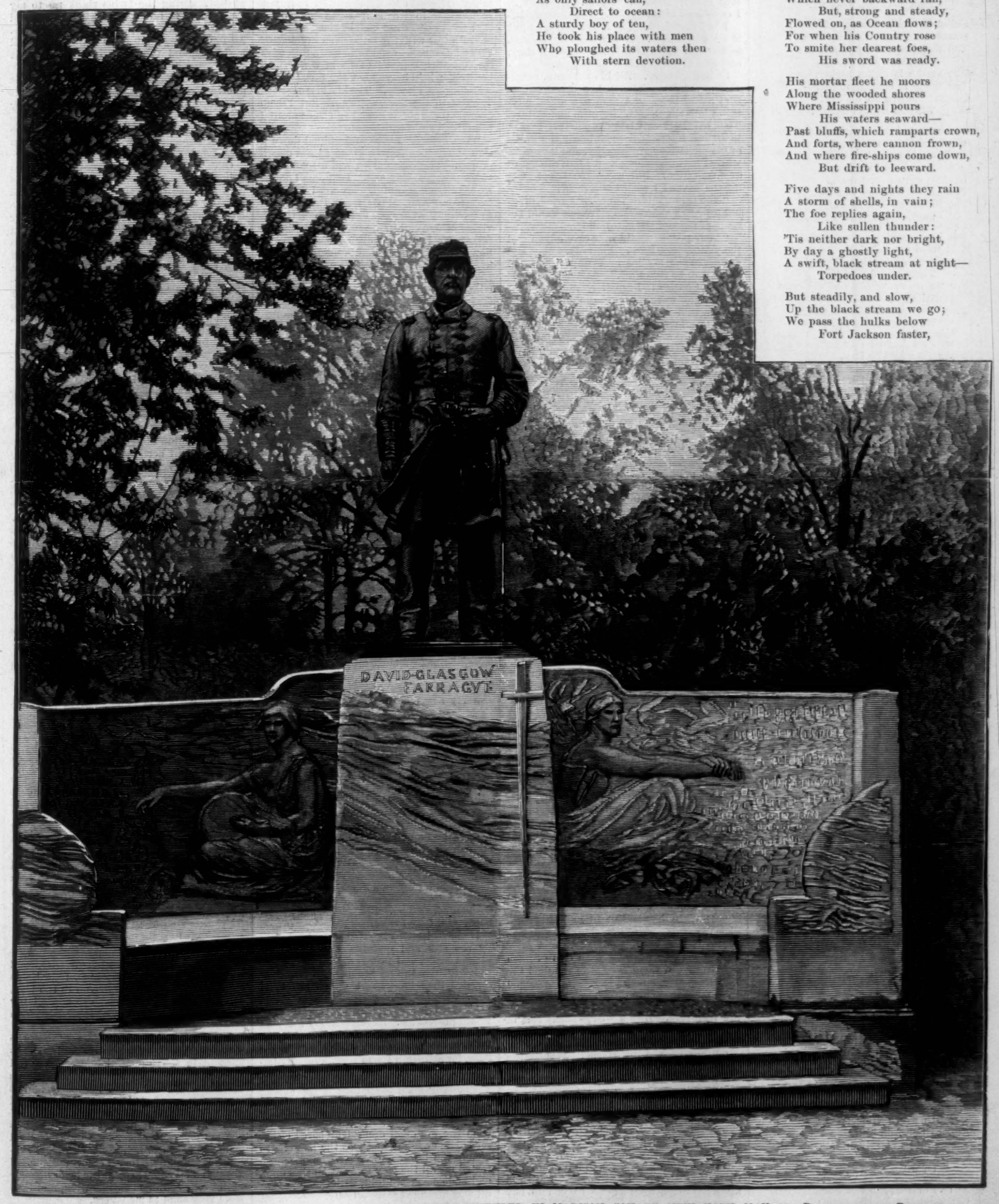
'Twas theirs to find the foe,
And lay his navies low,
And many a deadly blow
Was given and taken:
And theirs the grim delight
In many a bloody fight
To see the vaunted might
Of England shaken.

So bravely this young man
His great career began,
Which never backward ran,
But, strong and steady,
Flowed on, as Ocean flows;
For when his Country rose
To smite her dearest foes,
His sword was ready.

His mortar fleet he moors
Along the wooded shores
Where Mississippi pours
His waters seaward—
Past bluffs, which ramparts crown,
And forts, where cannon frown,
And where fire-ships come down,
But drift to leeward.

Five days and nights they rain
A storm of shells, in vain;
The foe replies again,
Like sullen thunder:
'Tis neither dark nor bright,
By day a ghostly light,
A swift, black stream at night—
Torpedoes under.

But steadily, and slow,
Up the black stream we go;
We pass the hulks below
Fort Jackson faster,



THE STATUE OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, UNVEILED IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK, MAY 25.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.

For peril waits us there,
And crashes through the air—
It meets us everywhere,
But not disaster.

For we go proudly by,
While all our guns reply;
Their frightened gunners fly
To safer quarters,
So hot, and shot so well,
The shrapnel and the shell—
The pounding showers of hell
From our dread mortars!

Beyond the forts at last;
But danger is not past,
For coming downward fast
Their gun-boats meet us;
They board us, three to one,
Gun almost touching gun;
We board them, and they run—
They can not beat us!

Pell-mell! Flash answers flash,
Masts crack, and timbers crash;
The maddened waters lash
The dead and dying;
The smoke is rising higher,
The flame is coming nigher—
Huzza! they're all on fire!
They're flying! flying!

So on that April night
We fought the river fight,
And put the foe to flight,
And held the River:
If they were overthrown,
The might was not our own—
The hands of God alone
Such blows deliver!

But heavier blows must fall,
And from our Admiral
The one that crushes all
Their naval daring;
For we no more will be
Molested on the sea—
They've crippled us, and we
Will be unsparing.

It was an August day
When into Mobile Bay,
Where all our squadron lay,
The current bore us;
We passed the bar, and through
The channel, two by two,
The Admiral's flag of blue
Waving before us.

We follow, follow fast,
And to the winds we cast
All fear, for they at last
Are in our favor:
If Fortune be not so,
Good-by, for down we go;
But we shall beat the foe,
Though none are braver!

For now from every port
We blaze against the fort,
And not a shot falls short,
Their guns commanding;
Their gunners fly aghast,
Nor see, as we go past,
High up the stout mainmast
The Admiral standing.

High over all he stands,
A trumpet in his hands,
And thunders his commands
To those below him,
Till through the smoke of fight
There breaks a sudden light—
The gun-boats are in sight;
They see him—know him!

And straightway one and all
Determine he shall fall,
If bomb, or shell, or ball,
By hate directed,
Can reach him: far and fast,
But harmlessly they passed;
He stands there by the mast,
Calm and collected.

But graver than at first,
With wrath more sternly nursed,
For their torpedoes burst,
And, darkly fated,
His sailors, bold and brave,
Go down beneath the wave,
With not a hand to save—
Exterminated!

But they avenged shall be—
They *are* avenged, for see!
Their foes go down, and we
Go grimly o'er them;
They burn, and run aground,
They are blown up around,
They're wounded, dying, drowned—
And none deplore them.

So on that August day
We went up Mobile Bay,
Where soon our squadron lay
In peace victorious;
And so our Admiral,
Who could not fail or fall,
Commanded, conquered all,
Of all most glorious!

Ay! For there is not one
Can do what he has done;
And, History, greater none
Thou consecratest.
Immortal honor, then,
To this, our man of men,
Whose soul is greatest when
Our need is greatest.

MY CONFESSION.

It was doubtless a terrible calamity. I tried to reason with my husband, and persuade him that, after all, it was what might have been expected. I reminded him that ever since the insurance company had failed, and thrown him out of employment, he had been tramp—

"That's the word," he interrupted, fiercely. "You needn't say any more. That covers everything. Tramp! That's what I have come to at last. A tramp. Look at that boot! *Mended?* Never. Look at it, I say—look at it!"

I had been looking at it ever since he put it on the fender. It was terribly broken, to be sure. It was like the one-hoss shay, and had given out all over at once.

So had Charley. All his patience, perseverance, and persistency had oozed out at that awful hole. "A man can stand anything but that, Kate," he said, mournfully. "His overcoat can become weather-beaten to all the colors of the rainbow; the knees of his pants may grow baggy, and the seams white; his hat, so long as it's felt, can get to any condition. But a broken boot! Oh, great Heaven! I wish I was dead!"

"You mean, selfish wretch!" I cried, flinging my arms about him. "What would become of me and the children?"

"Your people would take care of you and the youngsters, Kate. I'm only a clog and a curse to you, my dear. Your people would be glad to be rid of me."

"Oh, Charley!" I cried.

But they were. There's no doubt about it. On that dreadful day Charley kissed us all as usual when he went out. He seemed to be calmer and more resigned. But I remembered the ghastliness of his smile when he drew a rubber over his broken boot. The day was certainly unsuited to rubbers, and Charley hated them in any weather. He was calm, but it was the calmness of despair. Days and weeks, a whole month, went by, and Charley did not come back to us.

My family decided that something must be done. They appointed a conference to meet at my house, which was already rented, and the new lessee desired immediate possession. My family were far from sympathizing in my awful suspense about Charley. Their convictions were very decided.

"He must have gone and drowned himself that very morning," they said, and added, with an air of commendation and relief, that perhaps it was the best thing he could do under the circumstances. My heart was full to bursting. I flew into a passion of grief and rage, and drove them all from the house.

"You'll send for us when you get cooled down," they said. And doubtless I should, if Aunt Maria had not been belated at the family conference, and arrived when my passion was at its lowest ebb. I was as limp as a rag, and quite as helpless.

"Just like 'em," said Aunt Maria. "A more selfish, cold, heartless set of people the Lord never allowed to live."

This consoled and strengthened me. We began abusing them, and I felt better and stronger. Aunt Maria's was one of those scheming, turbulent natures that had never agreed with mine in the days of my prosperity, but it was a kind of bitter tonic to me just then.

"I'd 'a given 'em a piece of my mind if I'd 'a got here in time. But, you see, Mrs. Rogers—you know the woman that kept our boarding-house."

I shook my head. Aunt Maria's presence was already losing its strengthening and consoling qualities.

"Well, she died last night, and Mr. Chandler he came to me to talk things over. I've boarded there off and on, before and after your uncle Job died, for nigh on to fifteen year; and Mr. Chandler's wife she died the very next summer, and he's kept his second story front ever since. You see, he owns the house, and like enough has a mortgage on the furniture. He's a wishy-washy sort of man that 'most anybody can get the best of— Good gracious me!"

"What is it, Aunt Maria? What's the matter?"

"Why, souls and bodies! if there ain't a special providence in this thing, my name ain't Maria Peckham. It came to me then, just like a flash—the hull thing. Why can't you step into Mrs. Rogers's place, and earn a livin' for yourself and children? Mr. Chandler wants some one right away. It 'll be kind o' comfortable for me to have some one there that I can depend on, and the Lord knows it 'll be comfortable to you to hev some one you can depend on; and Mr. Chandler, if you get the right side of him, is as easy as an old shoe. The funeral 'll come off to-morrow. Her children 'll hev to be divided round among the relatives. I'll go home now and talk the hull thing over with Mr. Chandler, and you come around to-night and settle everything. There's nothing like strikin' when the iron's hot. It don't do to let the grass grow under your feet. That was the trouble with your Charley; he was too slow; hadn't enough push about him—leastways that's what the folks say."

"Slanderers! backbiters! falsifiers! My Charley was the best, the dearest—"

"Yes, yes, no doubt; but he ain't here just now to earn a livin' for you and the children, and you don't want to sponge on your folks."

"No, no, Aunt Maria, anything but that."

"Well, the ways of Providence is inscrutable. It seems to be app'inted that you should take that house. Mrs. Rogers dyin' that way, just in the nick of time, and your hevin' a row with the folks—it's wonderful! I'll go home right away, and hev a talk with Mr. Chandler before he falls in with somebody else; he'll let you hev the furniture on installments, I know. The kitchen oil-cloth 'll stick to the floor, anyway. But I'll go home and see about it, and you come around to-night, d'ye hear, Kate?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said, and gulped down a sigh that was almost a groan as she disappeared. The consolation had all gone out of her presence long ago. I suppose I ought to have been grateful. My need was desperate, but Aunt Maria made the proposal so repelling—the poor dead woman, the division of her children, the mortgage on her furniture; I couldn't even see much comfort in the kitchen oil-cloth sticking to the floor. I looked upon my children as they trooped in, shabby but rosy, from their winter sport, and wondered how they would fare among my hard-hearted relatives when my turn came to die, and theirs to be disbanded. Charley and I had always said we'd rather die than board or keep boarders. Charley *had* died, possibly; but the children and I were left, and something had to be done. It seemed as though Mr. Chandler was my only hope; but I went around there with a heavy heart, and nearly tumbled off the stoop when I saw a flutter of crape on the bell handle. I never in the world could have gained courage to pull it. Fortunately a young man came out. I slipped in, and he slammed the door after him, and went whistling his way down the street. I crept by the parlor floor, where some people stood in groups, talking and laughing quite unconcernedly in the awful presence of death itself. The dishes were clattering on the dumb-waiter; a woman came down the stairs, smiling and happy, cloaked and hooded for the opera. She carried a huge bouquet in her hand, and I wondered how she could pass the parlor door. The people in that house may say what they please about my coolness and assurance, but I should be very sorry to have as little heart as they. Aunt Maria was already haggling about the kitchen oil-cloth, and nothing would do but we must all go down and see that it really did stick to the floor.

Mr. Chandler was a short stout man, with scarcely any hair on his head, and a short little nose that he had to keep perched in the air so his spectacles wouldn't fall off. His eyes were very round, and his cheeks were fat and red, and a fringe of white beard gave him somehow a very benevolent air that was calculated to inspire confidence. We descended into what seemed to me the very bowels of the earth, and as we entered the big cavernous gloomy kitchen, there was a scamper that betokened rats, and an army of Croton-bugs fled at our approach. I was weak and nervous, and uttering an exclamation of terror, clung to Mr. Chandler's arm.

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Chandler, starting back. "Oh, it's you! Don't be frightened, madam. Don't be at all frightened. I'll take care of you."

He had himself been considerably shaken by the size and quantity of this subterranean army, and it was evidently a great relief to him to find somebody even more startled than himself. He took the hand with which I had grasped his arm and held it in his own, assuring me that he would protect me. Nevertheless, I was glad when he was so easily persuaded that the kitchen oil-cloth would really stick to the floor, for although I was very favorably impressed with Mr. Chandler as to domestic confidences, he was not the champion I would choose in a combat with rats and Croton-bugs. Aunt Maria seemed more to the purpose. She gathered up her skirts from the first, and seemed prepared either for battle or flight, and was the last one to mount the lower stair. Mr. Chandler protected me all the way to Aunt Maria's door, and bade me good-night, with the hope that all was arranged satisfactorily.

"You've as good as feathered your nest already," said Aunt Maria. "I'm glad you wore your black dress."

"I had no other fit to put on," I replied.

"It's just as well," she continued, "for I told him you were a widow—there's no use enterin' into partic'lars about Charley—"

"It's nobody's business about Charley."

"That's what I thought; so I said you were a widow, and I only mentioned the twins. I didn't speak of the boys, for you don't look old enough anyway—nobody 'd dream they belonged to you, and Mr. Chandler's naterally of a timid turn, and it might spile everything at the start. They never need come where he is. They'll eat at the second table, and play out in the street, and in a boardin'-house there's lots of things that only growin' boys *can* eat, so they won't count. It's all fixed. You're to come to-morrow after the funeral, and take hold at onst. Bring the twins right up to my room—they're nice gentle little girls—and I'll fix 'em up with pink and blue ribbons. As for the boys, let them play around till night-fall, and then slip in the basement way."

It was all Aunt Maria's fault—every bit of it. I was too dazed and bewildered at first to offer any objections, and so many things happened in that dreadful three months that I never had a chance to make a full confession of my domestic affairs to Mr. Chandler.

Once when he said something about its being his duty as well as his pleasure to help the widow and the fatherless, I felt as if I *must* tell him all about Charley and the boys; but the adverse circumstances under which I labored restrained me. I had been compelled to ask him for an advance: there was a great deal of expense at first, and I was such a novice at everything. I felt compelled to avail myself of all the sympathy possible; but I was confident that after the first three months were over I could get along without Mr. Chandler's help, and then, no matter what Aunt Maria said, I determined to tell him everything. He was entitled to my confidence, and I only awaited a favorable opportunity to give existence to Charley and the three boys. Everything went along like clock-work for a while. If I had only put my whole mind to it, I might have mastered everything before the cold weather set in.

And I wouldn't have fallen behind so lamentably in my accounts if I had been very careful, and severely watched the scraps and crumbs that fell from the boarding-house table. I was perhaps too good to the tramps and beggars, and fed too many of the wanderers that came to the basement door.

In vain Aunt Maria scolded, and vowed she never came down to press her crimps but she stumbled over a tramp. In vain Mr. Chandler mildly remonstrated upon the loss of two overcoats and a set of razors. They knew nothing of the way I felt, or how my heart beat sometimes when at twilight I saw a big, broad-shouldered, sandy-haired fellow standing there, *with broken boots*. It took me a good while to grow calm and collected, and in the mean while he had eaten a good many slices of bread and meat, and perhaps stolen something from the hat rack in the lower hall.

In truth, it was impossible to persuade me that Charley was dead. I felt that some time he would come back to me;

> "For Love will dream and Faith will trust
> (Since He who knows our need is just)
> That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

And it was the most natural thing in the world to look for him as a tramp. That last sad morning was photographed on my memory when he stood before me so painfully shabby, and with such broken boots. I couldn't give him up; I wouldn't. I got *so* tired of Mr. Chandler, with his bland respectability, his funereal broadcloth, and his high hat, his ever-ready money, and his never-ending remonstrance and advice. I did so long for dear old impecunious Charley, and

> "after long grief and pain,
> To feel the arms of my true love
> Round me once again."

What wonder, with a mind so unsettled, and a heart so open to vagabonds, that I was cheated and robbed and driven to the wall, and the second month came so appallingly soon that I had to get another advance from Mr. Chandler.

It was the most astonishing thing in the world that, although I never had an easy moment in that dreadful house, never did time fly so quickly. The third month was upon me before I could realize it, and it was a matter of glad surprise to me that I had not before me the awful necessity of another advance from Mr. Chandler. I was not, perhaps, any better off, so far as actual money was concerned, but I was longer established, and able to get credit outside. I always endeavored to treat the trades-people with every possible consideration, and they were very kind to me—very.

Everybody knows what an awful winter

11, 1881.

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it was. I had never had any experience with water-pipes. On the first of the month a cold wave started direct from the north pole, and came with incredible velocity, as the bird flies, straight to that doomed boarding-house. It froze the water-pipes all over the house, soddened the bread, petrified the clothes on the line, paralyzed the potatoes, also apples, turnips, cabbages, and everything else that I had put in by the quantity for economy's sake.

The sun went down on that day's wrath. Three days after, it rose on another, and if the end of the world had come with it, I should have been only too glad. Gabriel's trumpet would have been a welcomer sound to me than the step of Mr. Chandler that I heard approaching my door. I knew he had been hunting all over the house for me, and I had fled from room to room, from stair to stair, till at last I had taken refuge in the garret floor, which the children, the servants, and I shared together.

The awful fact was that the man's house was ruined. The weather was dreadfully against me. Even the oldest inhabitant of the boarding-house declared that he had never known such sudden and remarkable changes. Without a word of warning, like a thief in the night, the calamity came. The pipes threw off their icy fetters, and burst. The deluge was nothing to it.

Before anything could be done, seven different ceilings were frescoed and tattooed in a most unhappy manner, seven different carpets were drenched, and the occupants of seven different rooms were hunting me to bay. I sent for the calciminers, the plumbers, and the carpet men, and found out how much it would cost to put Mr. Chandler's house in order again. Then I fled to my room.

I threw myself on the bed, and stared at the ceiling like a maniac. There was nothing the matter with that ceiling, for the demoniac pipes stopped on the floor below.

The stoniness of my gaze was occasioned by the climax of my difficulties. How could I see Mr. Chandler? I had ruined his house, cheated him out of his money, and unless I could go on plundering and cheating him, I couldn't go on with the boarding-house. If I *didn't* go on, I couldn't pay Mr. Chandler; if I *did* go on, I might only plunder and cheat him the more. I never had been good at problems. At school I had always been stupid with given quantities, yet given quantities were my only hope just then.

Mr. Chandler was rapping at the door. I burst into tears as I undid the bolt, and begged him to forgive all the trouble and expense I had caused him. His ceilings were speckled; his carpets were drenched; the plumber held the very foundation of his house at an emperor's ransom; I was already hopelessly in his debt, and yet must have more money, or give up and die.

"How much money?" said Mr. Chandler, very gently. "Don't cry, my child. How much money?" Expiring hope began to revive within my agonized breast. He took my cold hand within his own. "How much money will it take to repair all the damages here, and put the house in order for a new tenant?"

Down sank my heart like a plummet of lead. I looked up in his face, and was startled to find a new expression there: something indefinable, I could almost say heroic: Aunt Maria could never call that face "wishy-washy." It was strong and noble. He was evidently not to be trifled with. When my miserable confession was made, he would spurn me as I deserved. If I had only been brave and true from the first! It was too late now. How I hated Aunt Maria! I thought of the terrible winter, of the icy streets, the prejudice people had against tramps—particularly so many, six of us—six, the twins, the three boys, and myself. I clasped my hands in agony.

"What will become of me and my children?" I cried.

"Come," he replied, with unspeakable tenderness—"come out of this room into the open garret. So! Now the whole world may hear and see us. Is it not so, my child? We are not afraid of idle tongues?"

"N—no," I stammered, my heart in my throat, for fear one of the boys should pop his head up the garret stairs and call mamma.

"You are so innocent," he continued, "so free from hypocrisy and deceit, it is hard to make you understand that I can not any longer lend you money, or help you in the way that I have done. The wicked innuendoes of slandering tongues that stab in the dark have left me but the one way to protect you. I wonder if it will be as holy, as sweet, to you as it is to me? I wonder if you would be glad to give up this vile nest of scandal altogether, and keep boarders no longer, but a home for a husband, who would adore you, and would love and cherish your dear little girls as his own?"

He didn't mention my dear little boys, who were out risking their lives at coasting that very moment. What a noble, generous, altogether perfect old gentleman he was! If Charley had really been dead, and I had not been the miserable impostor that circumstances had made me, my poor, desolate, widowed heart would have melted to him, I know. That heart was desolate enough, God knows, but it wasn't widowed; I was sure of that. The time for my dreadful confession had come. It was so hard to lose the one thing that seemed left me just then—his confidence, his esteem. I felt cold and faint and sick.

"Dear Mr. Chandler," I began, "a home and a husband would be very sweet to me." And Heaven was my witness it would, only not just the husband he meant; and I was just going to tell him so, when Bridget put her frowzy head above the stairs, and said a man was below that wanted to see me, and wouldn't take no for an answer. "It's the plumber," I said, tremblingly, "or the calciminer, or the carpet man. Oh, Mr. Chandler, *dear* Mr. Chandler, I can not face these people!"

"You forget that you have given me the right to share your troubles," he said. "Come, my dear, we will face this person together."

We found him in the parlor—a big, broad-shouldered, splendid-looking fellow, with a new Ulster on, and a very becoming hat, and a perfectly splendid pair of boots, without a break in them. The twins were clinging to each of his hands, and around him were dancing and howling like Indians three dirty little boys.

> "Moments there are, and this was one,
> Snatched like a minute's gleam of sun
> Amid the black simoom's eclipse."

"I've got a capital position, Kate, in a new company out West. Get the youngsters ready as quick as you can. I'll explain everything on the way," said the person.

"Who is this man?" said Mr. Chandler to Aunt Maria, who had been brought thither by the wild yells of the dear little boys, and stood like a pillar of salt in the doorway. "Who is he—her brother?"

"Her husband," said Aunt Maria.

"And these boys?"

"Her children."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Chandler; and these were the last words I heard. I fainted dead away in Charley's arms.

Charley and I, the twins, and the three boys started for our new home in the West the next day, from whence I write this poor, weak, but contrite confession to Mr. Chandler.

THE AMERICAN PACTOLUS.

If the little river of Pactolus had been, as fable represents it, a stream of molten gold, it could hardly have brought to the Lydians as much or as lasting wealth as is daily thrown upon the shores of the United States by the stream of foreign immigration. In the twenty years beginning with 1861 and ending with 1880 there landed in this country, in round numbers, five and one-half millions of immigrants, with the declared intention to remain. There was much variation in the number of annual arrivals, which commenced in 1861 with less than 100,000, rose to 437,000 in 1872, then fell to 130,000 in 1877, and finally, last year, reached the amazing number of 593,703, or, roundly, 600,000. Our civil struggle kept down the numbers at first; then the disturbances in industrial life which in Europe followed the Franco-German war forced them to a high point; the distress and stagnation in American trade and industry caused by the "crash of 1873" checked them again; and finally the revival of prosperity here, following the bad harvest abroad, brought about the extraordinary influx of last year. These variations only serve to show how intimately immigration is connected with the material progress of the country. It is attracted as that progress opens up promising fields of labor; it is repelled whenever that progress is from any cause seriously checked.

The contribution made by immigrants to the wealth of the country is, in a general way, obvious enough, but a few simple calculations will show its extent in a more precise and impressive form. In the first place, there is the money actually brought in by immigrants, which is a direct and unmistakable addition to the general fund. As long ago as 1866 it was officially estimated that the average amount of cash brought by immigrants was $70 per head. It of course varies greatly with different classes and at different times; but this sum is probably below rather than above the truth for the last two decades, and is very considerably too low for the past year. If we apply this average, however, to the total immigration of the past twenty years, we find that $385,000,000 must have been brought into the country in that time in money. It is the estimate of fairly good authorities that not less than $50,000,000 was brought in last year.

But this is, in reality, the least important contribution made by the immigrant to the wealth of the nation. What he brings in strength and energy, in the will and capacity to work, is far more potent, because it is more enduring, and because it is continued and multiplied in his children and in their children. It is not possible to measure this element with any degree of precision, but it is quite possible to do so within reasonable limits. That we may not be suspected of patriotic exaggeration, we will give the substance of a calculation furnished (October 16, 1880) by the *Economist*, of London—a journal of the highest reputation for intelligence and accuracy in such matters. By deductions which we can not explain in detail, the *Economist* arrived at the conclusion that the average duration of active life in male immigrants was thirteen years, the average wages were $625 a year, and the average profit on these wages was $125. Taking the value of the female worker, as a producer of wealth, at one-fourth that of the male, the average value of the total number of immigrants, men, women, and children, was fixed at $1150, which, "to avoid anything like exaggeration," was reduced to $1000. This would make the actual or potential addition, by the immigration of last year, to the wealth of the United States, $600,000,000, or, adding the money brought by the immigrants, $650,000,000. Continued at the rate of 1880, such immigration would in three years furnish resources sufficient to ultimately meet the entire funded national debt, and in six months more to cancel the legal-tender notes. And these, it must be borne in mind, are not fanciful figures of rhetoric; they are the sober and cautious estimates of a trained and impartial student of political economy.

One of the most encouraging facts in connection with recent immigration is the decided improvement that has been noticed in the character of the immigrants. These are not only more generally healthy and strong in body and intelligent in mind, but they are more frequently possessed of some skilled employment, and of a considerable amount of capital. They have more generally a definite purpose, and the means of carrying it out. They arrive more often in families, and in groups of families, from the same neighborhood at home, with the intention of settling together, and not seldom with the titles to land in the West in their pockets. Of those who landed in New York during 1880, fully three-fourths were provided with prepaid railway tickets to their destination. Their distribution over the Union is markedly different from that of a score of years since, or even from that of the decade closing with 1869. Up to that time a much larger proportion lingered in New York city, and of these a far greater number than now were thrown on the charitable institutions of the city. Last year 321,712 immigrants arrived at New York. Thirty-five per cent. went directly to the West, seventeen per cent. went to the Eastern States, and only forty-two per cent. remained in this State, of whom considerable numbers unquestionably found their way out of it in a short time. Illinois received the largest number—rather more than one-tenth of the total; Ohio took about four per cent., while nearly 50,000, or a little less than one-sixth of all, went to the group of States west and northwest of the great lakes. The Southern States took only 6497, or about one in fifty of the arrivals. It is a pleasant task for the imagination to figure the thousands of homes, mostly comfortable, well established, and happy, founded by these people.

And in this connection it is worth while noting the striking figures of immigration from the British Provinces. Previous to 1879, the immigrants across our northern border had only once exceeded 50,000 in any one year, and had been usually only from 10,000 to 30,000. In that year, however, 53,000 came over, and in 1880, nearly 140,000. Of these, 130,000 came from Quebec, Ontario, and Nova Scotia. Whether this remarkable influx is to continue or not, its occurrence for a single year is an event of great importance. The Canadian journals are at a loss how to account for it. There has been considerable depression in trade and manufactures, and some failure in crops, in Canada for three or four years back, but not so much of the former as in 1874–78, when there was no marked increase in emigration, nor so much of the latter as at several previous periods. The record of the character and destination of these Canadian immigrants is unfortunately very defective. We only know that they are coming over in extraordinary numbers from the seat of the most advanced and well-established population in the provinces, and that their departure seriously threatens a check to the growth, if not an absolute decrease, of the people of Canada. It is a radical and complete process of annexation, which dispenses with treaties, and laughs at the ties of allegiance and patriotism. To a people of only 3,600,000, a loss of one-twenty-fifth in a single year, probably of the most productive of their number, is a serious matter.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.*

Wake up, wife!—the black cloak of Night begins to fade,
And far in the east the Morning his kitchen fire has made;
And he is heating red-hot his stove of iron-gray,
And stars are winking and blinking before the light o' day.

Mind you what I was doin', just fifty years agone?—
Brushin' my Sunday raiment, an' puttin' my best looks on;
Clothin' myself in courage, so none my fright, would see;
An' my coward heart within, the while, was pounding to get free.

Ten mile wood an' bramble, an' three mile field an' dew,
In the cold smile of morning I walked to marry you;
No horse had I but my wishes—no pilot but a star;
But my boyish heart it fancied it heard you from afar.

So through the woods I hurried, an' through the grass an' dew,
An' little I thought o' tiring, the whole of my journey through;
Things ne'er before nor after do so a man rejoice,
As on the day he marries the woman of his choice.

And then our country wedding—brimful o' grief an' glee,
With every one a-pettin' an' jokin' you an' me;
The good cheer went and came, wife, as it sometimes has done
When clouds have chased each other across the summer sun.

There was your good old father, dressed up in weddin' shape,
With all the homespun finery that he could rake an' scrape;
And your dear-hearted mother, the sunlight of whose smile
Shone through the showers of tear-drops that stormed her face the while;

Also your sisters an' brothers, who hardly seemed to know
How they could scare up courage to let their sister go;
An' cousins an' school-house comrades, dressed up in meetin' trim,
With one of them a-sulkin' because it wasn't him;

An' there was the good old parson, his neck all dressed in white,
A bunch o' texts in his left eye, a hymn-book in his right;
An' the parson's virgin daughter, plain an' severely pure,
Who hoped we should be happy, but wasn't exactly sure;

And there was the victuals, seasoned with kind regards an' love,
And holly wreaths with breastpins of rubies, up above;
An' there was my heart a-wonderin' as how such things could be,
An' there was the world before us, an' there was you and me.

Wake up, wife! that gold bird, the Sun, has come in sight,
And on a tree-top perches to take his daily flight.
He is not old and feeble, an' he will sail away,
As he has done so often since fifty years to-day.

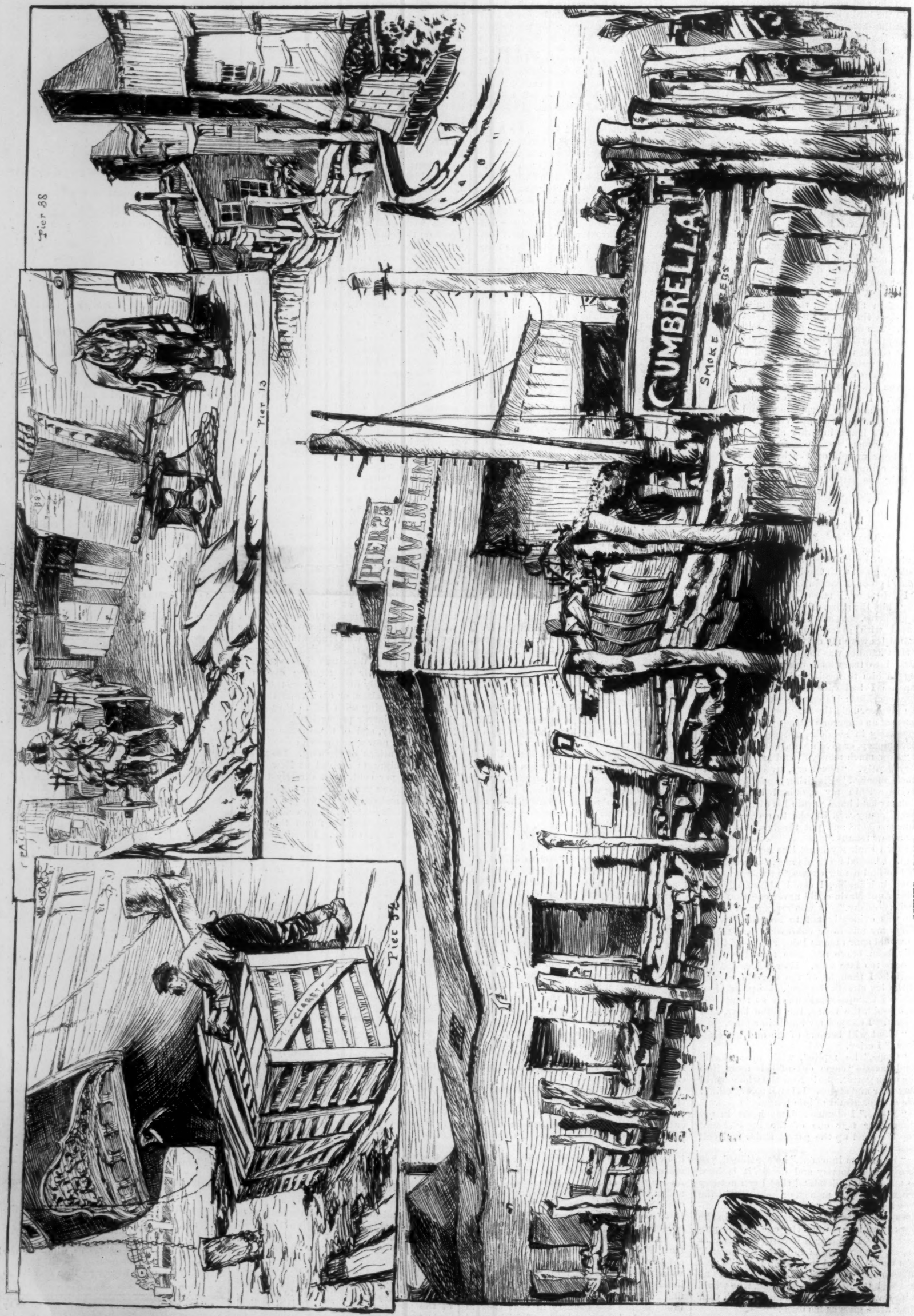
You know there's company coming—our daughters an' our sons:
There's John, and James, and Lucy, an' all their little ones;
And Jennie, she will be here, who in her grave doth lie
(Provided company ever can come from out the sky);

And Sam—I am not certain as he will come, or not;
They say he is a black sheep—the wildest of the lot.
Before a son's dishonor, a father's love stands dumb;
But still, somehow or other, I hope that Sam will come.

The tree bends down its branches to its children from above—
The son is lord of the father, and rules him with his love;
And he will e'er be longed for, though far they be apart,
For the drop of blood he carries, that came from the father's heart.

Wake you, wife! the loud sun has roused the sweet Daylight,
And she has dressed herself up in red and yellow and white;
She has dressed herself for us, wife—for our weddin' day once more—
And my soul to-day is younger than ever it was before.

* From *Farm Festivals*, a volume of new poems by Will Carleton: Harper & Brothers. (*Nearly ready.*)



SCENES ALONG THE NEW YORK DOCKS, EAST RIVER.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 386.]

A NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT IN ALBANIA DURING THE FEAST OF RAMAZAN.—[See Page 386.]

FAIR MAY, GOOD-BY!

Good-by, fair May, good-by!
'Tis sad indeed to part with you,
For many blossoms came with you,
And many blossoms go with you,
That we have grown to love with you.
The pilgrim's flower, pure and shy,
That hides beneath the pine-tree's shade,
And yet its presence quick betrays
By its sweet breath; the columbine,
In scarlet and in gold arrayed;
The buttercup, in satin shine;
The star, with slender waxen rays;
The pale blue hyacinth, that brink
Of sparkling river gems; the pink
Spring-beauty, that upon its stem,
Like fairy lady, small and fine,
Dances all day; the vine that clings
(The purple clematis), and swings
Its fragrant blooms from captive trees—
All these, and many more than these,
Fair May, you brought, and many go—
Perchance the sweetest ones—with you.
Still we weep not that it is so;
And though 'tis sad to part with you,
We have no tears to give to you;
For in your steps bright Summer glows,
And she, fair May, *she* brings the rose!

THE DOCKS OF NEW YORK.

In the Weekly for May 28 we gave a picture which showed the dilapidated condition of our city water-front, and in this number Mr. Rogers returns to the subject with a series of sketches made at different points along the East River. A stranger, looking at these broken-down sheds and rotten piles, would naturally conclude that New York was in her decadence as a commercial city, and that public spirit had departed from her merchants. He would find it difficult to comprehend the real causes of this disgraceful condition of affairs in the largest and richest city of America, and still more difficult to understand the general apathy which makes such a condition possible in an intelligent and enlightened community, which has the power, if it only had the will, to provide a swift and effective remedy for all such abuses.

ALBANIANS.

The Albanians have always been a fierce and warlike race, and their Turkish conquerors were never able to bring them into complete subjection. About half the population of their country are Mohammedans, the rest being divided between the Greek and the Latin churches. The conversion of those who profess the religion of the Arabian Prophet has been very imperfect, and chiefly induced by political motives. Out of the same family, some will go to the mosque and others to the church; and, with the Turks, infidel and Albanian are terms nearly synonymous.

The native Albanian is of middle stature; his face is oval, with high cheek-bones; his neck is long, and his chest full and broad. His air is erect and majestic to a degree that never fails to strike the traveller. He goes constantly armed, and there are few Albanians who have not, in the prime of their life, belonged to some of the numerous bands of robbers who infest the mountains of their native country, of Thessaly, and of Macedonia. This occupation carries with it no disgrace among the inhabitants, and it is common with the Albanian to mention circumstances which occurred when he "was a robber." When the business becomes dull, the Albanian robber generally takes to a military life, and it matters little to him under what flag he enlists. In the Crimean war many Albanian chiefs fought in the Russian army against the allied forces of England, France, and Turkey.

Unlike the Turk, the Albanian is gay, lively, and active, fond of amusement, and delighting in all kinds of entertainments. As a race, the men display a greater degree of contempt for women than is usual even among the most barbarous nations. They regard them as inferior animals, and treat them accordingly. But in the country districts of Albania the women are not confined or veiled, as is customary in strictly Mohammedan countries.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER,
When used in the bath or at the toilet, purifies, softens, and whitens the skin; refreshes, invigorates, and imparts a delightful sensation of coolness and buoyancy, at the same time diffusing a charming and lasting fragrance of rare exotic flowers. It is greatly superior to Eau de Cologne.
Lanman & Kemp, New York, Sole Proprietors.
Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale Depot in London, No. 7 Snow Hill.—[*Adv.*]

MINNIE HAUK.
Mr. Riker: Academy of Music.
Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to testify to the efficacy of your American Face Powder, which I am using with great success.
—[*Com.*] Respectfully yours, Minnie Hauk.

STUTTERING cured by Bates' Appliances. Send for description to Simpson & Co., Box 2236, N.Y.-[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
A SUMMER DRINK.
Put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate in a glass of water, sugar to taste, and you have a delicious drink, that is more healthful than any made from lemons or limes, and a deal more gratifying to the thirsty recipient.—[*Adv.*]

The most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are Angostura Bitters, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article. J. W. Hancox, Agent, 51 Broadway, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

When you feel as though you would like to have a freight train run over it but yell when you drop a dime novel on it, just try German Corn Remover. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
Made from Grape Cream Tartar.—No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxurious pastry. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ills resulting from heavy, indigestible food. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers.
Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

GUION LINE.
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For Queenstown and Liverpool.
Leaving Pier 38 N. R., foot of King Street.
WYOMING.....TUESDAY, June 7, 1 P.M.
ARIZONA.....TUESDAY, June 14, 7 A.M.
WISCONSIN.....TUESDAY, June 21, 1 P.M.
NEVADA.....TUESDAY, June 28, 6.30 A.M.
ABYSSINIA.....TUESDAY, July 5, 11.30 A.M.
Cabin Passage (according to state-room), $60, $80, and $100. Intermediate, $40. Steerage at low rates.
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MRS. THOMPSON'S Celebrated patent "WAVE." The unparalleled success of this charming addition to a lady's toilet, is due to their convenience, comfort, and the decided improved appearance given to every wearer. They make a thin face appear full—soften the lines that age sometimes creates. They are an absolute necessity to ladies whose foreheads are high—whose hair will not remain in crimp. Being made of Nature's Curly Hair, they cannot get out of wave. They have no false wig-like look so observable in all other waves and crimps. Does away with crimping pins, and the danger of ruining the hair. Price, $6 to $12 (blonde and gray extra). Sent C. O. D. with privilege of exchanging. To be had only of Mrs. C. Thompson, 107 State St., Chicago. Send for illustrated Catalogue free. No agents.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris.
Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.
75 cents the box.

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